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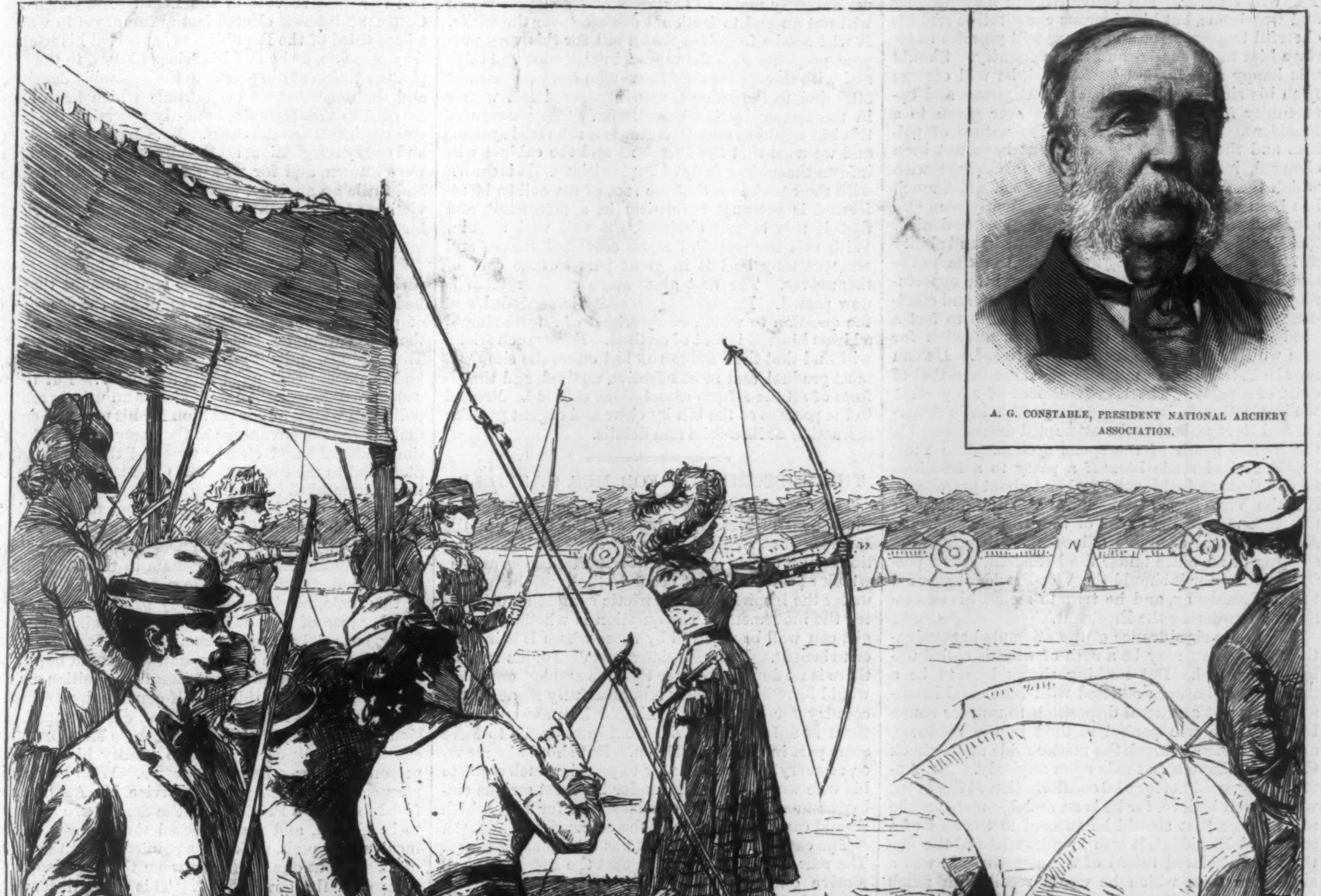

A. G. CONSTABLE, PRESIDENT NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.

THE ARCHERY TOURNAMENT, PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 90 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued July 19, contains an interesting article by* BENSON J. LOSSING, *on* FLORA MACDONALD *in North Carolina, with a striking illustration; an illustrated article on the wonders of Coney Island; the continuation of "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'"; several short stories, and other attractive features.*

THE PRESIDENT AND THE FUTURE.

As we write, it seems probable that the President will recover. His convalescence may be long and wearisome, but his vigorous constitution and his cheerful temperament and strong will promise to restore him to his family and to his country. Should this happy anticipation be fulfilled, he will emerge from his sick-chamber with as great power and opportunity for wise action as were ever given to a President. Human nature and the nature of politics and the science of government have not been changed, indeed, by the immense misfortune with which the country has been threatened. But much has been changed, much is now distinctly seen and admitted which has been hitherto doubted or denied. The President is a man of too great insight and ability not to comprehend clearly and justly to estimate the significance of the attack upon him, and the opportunity offered him by the universal affection and confidence which it has revealed. He is sure to feel a kind of consecration in the immense affection for him which has been universally expressed. He can now be President in a much larger sense than that of chief of a party. The best sentiment of all parties, the instinctive declaration of the press both in America and Europe, is that the attempted assassination is the logical result of the spoils system. The Vice-President had made himself a party to a ferocious factional quarrel with the President about patronage. But the Vice-President becomes absolute master of the patronage in the event of the President's death. A reckless and excitable office-seeker, therefore, despairing of an office under the President, sees a possible chance for it should the Vice-President succeed to the Presidency, and he tries to secure his succession by murdering the President.

This is the significance of the attempted assassination. GUITEAU may be a man of what is called unbalanced mind. But nothing shows him to be a maniac. If he were afflicted with homicidal insanity, it was not a general disposition to murder somebody. There was perfect method in the madness, and it is useless to brush the matter aside as an attack that might have been made upon anybody. Mr. ARTHUR'S reported horror and consternation at the event we can well believe, for he is an amiable man, and he saw at once that should he succeed to the seat of a murdered President, it was in pursuance of the distinct and declared intent of the assassin. It was a succession from which he would recoil with much more than the ordinary horror at a great crime, for it was a crime which, under the circumstances, and without any thought or act of his own, would have morally tainted his title. But it is not a personal interest of Mr. GARFIELD or of Mr. ARTHUR, it is a national concern, which is to be considered. It is of vital national importance that a constant and powerful plea with weak minds for the murder of the President should be removed. A new and appalling peril in the spoils system is revealed. The victorious party in an election, as recent experience has shown, may be rent into fierce factions quarrelling over the spoils of place; and if the Vice-President makes himself an active agent of one of the factions, the possible consequences are before us in the ghastly event and the alarming possibilities of the attack upon the President. Even General GRANT, according to a reported interview, could see no other result, in the event of the President's death by the shot of a disappointed office-seeker, than the disappointment of certain other office-seekers. But at the time when General GRANT was President, if Senator MORTON had denounced him bitterly as a liar upon a question of patronage, had resigned his Senatorship in a rage, and had taken a passive colleague with him from the Senate; if Vice-President COLFAX had joined with Senator MORTON in lobbying and intriguing for MORTON'S re-election to the Senate, leading a faction solely devoted to MORTON, and more ferocious against the Administration than against the opposition; and if then a shot had been fired at the President, which if fatal must have secured what the assassin declared that he desired, the absolute triumph of the MORTON faction, by putting COLFAX into the Presidency—would General GRANT have seen nothing more than the meaningless act of a madman, and the accidental disappointment of certain office-seekers?

President GARFIELD can not fail to see that it is the spoils system which has furiously rent the Republican party in New York, and which has stimulated assassination. He can not help seeing that if the Vice-President chooses to join a faction produced by such a schism, the temptation to put all the patronage in his hands by crime may easily be too strong for weak and depraved minds. All this must be as evident to the President and to the cabinet as it is to the country; and secure of the support of the conscience and intelligence of both parties, they will undoubtedly favor a practicable and reasonable reform. To this end two things are at once possible. The President and the Secretaries may refuse to remove officers except for legitimate reasons, and refuse to appoint merely to gratify any person or politician. This is all within the executive discretion of the President and the Secretaries. It is practicable at once, and the time is fully ripe for such action, which will be supported by the good sense of the country. The next step is the recommendation which the President will undoubtedly make to Congress of legislation which will put an end to factional disputes over the spoils. It will not be forgotten that a bill for this very purpose, prepared with the utmost intelligence and care, and with the approval of those who have given most attention to the subject, was introduced last winter in the Senate by Mr. PENDLETON. The passage of this bill would at once inaugurate a reformed system, and we trust that the President and the cabinet will inform themselves fully of its provisions. It is drawn with the conviction that the root of the evil to be reformed is personal favoritism in appointment, and that if this be not obviated, the evil will remain. With this fundamental abuse corrected, tenure and removal may be left in great part to take care of themselves. The first great stage of the reform is now passed. Its absolute necessity is conceded, and the question to which every friend of reform should address himself is that of method. Every such friend will find that the PENDLETON bill offers the simplest, most gradual, and most effective method, and the efforts of all the reform associations should be directed to the passage of the bill by clear and cogent popular discussion of its merits and details.

THE SUBSCRIPTION FOR MRS. GARFIELD.

THE generous impulse to raise a subscription for the benefit of Mrs. GARFIELD and the family of the President has resulted in a very handsome contribution. But a question of great importance has arisen, which of course did not occur to the gentlemen who, under the inspiration of patriotic sympathy, originated the movement. The question is whether such a gift can well be received by those whom it is intended to benefit. If the President had died of his wound, there is no doubt whatever that the amplest provision would have been eagerly and gratefully made by the country for his family. Should he now succumb, there is not a person who would not desire to have some part in such a provision. But should he recover, as everything seems now to promise, such a gift to his wife would place him under the most serious embarrassment, and it is consideration for him which should cause the leaders of the enterprise to hesitate.

The case is obvious, and it has been plainly stated. The reason of the regulation that the President shall receive only his salary, and that it shall not be changed during his official term, is not that the choice of corrupt Presidents is contemplated, but that the Chief Magistrate must be free even from suspicion of illicit influence. Now in the matter of income the President and his wife are virtually one. Money given to her is necessarily money for his benefit, as it relieves him of all care for the pecuniary welfare of his family. But if a poor man should be elected to the Presidency, and the Standard Oil Company, or the Pacific Railroad Company, or the Western Union Telegraph Company, or any great corporation, should present half a million of dollars to his wife, the impropriety of the act would be at once and universally admitted. Yet if a score of individual capitalists, all of whom have large interests sure to be affected by Congressional legislation and the President's signature, make a similar gift, is there an essential difference? In the ardor of party controversy, is there any doubt that her husband, the President, would be fiercely assailed, or any question that the public good sense would wish that the fact of such a gift could not be alleged? The President and his friends might be sure of his spotless integrity, but they could not deny the extreme inconvenience of the position, and everybody will admit that he should not be placed in it without conclusive reasons.

Do such reasons now exist? The President is apparently recovering, and if the prayers of a whole nation can avail, he will presently be restored to his former vigorous health. Will it be agreeable to him to know that a few of his fellow-citizens, from the purest motives, have presented a fortune to his wife? On the contrary, can the knowledge fail to be most perplexing to him? It is not enough that his official action will not be affected by it, but that action must not seem to be affected; and in order to prevent that appearance, he may feel himself constrained to act in contravention of his honest judgment. These are considerations which ought to be very carefully weighed by the humane and patriotic gentlemen who have moved in this matter. The salary of the President is believed to be ample for the expenses of his official position, and there are those who hold that a President should receive a liberal pension upon his retirement. But has the time arrived when it is necessary to provide for the family of the actual President?

WEIGHED, AND FOUND WANTING.

IT is reported that Mr. CONKLING and his friends affect to suppose that the universal condemnation of his course is an artifice of the newspapers, and that it is not the real sentiment of the people. It was necessary, of course, to put forth some such plea to furnish even a tolerable pretense for the stolid resistance which has been offered during the last five or six weeks to the plain desire of the people of New York. But the decisive vote of the Legislature, which the CONKLING interest elected last autumn, yet in which a bare third of the Republicans supported his re-election, was due, as he and his friends knew, to the emphatic opinion of the people in the Assembly districts, and the adverse tone of journals which have been devoted to him hitherto, honestly reflecting the general sentiment around them. Mr. CONKLING'S sudden and angry resignation, all the circumstances of which were known, and for which his letter was so feeble and futile an apology, was met instantly by the conviction of nine-tenths of the citizens of New York of his own party that he was an unfit person to represent the State in the Senate. The reasons of this conviction are obvious. Undoubtedly he had great experience, and there were those who thought that he had great ability. He had also, under the despotism of patronage, the control of the "regular" action of the party, and he had unparalleled stubbornness. These things, and not great qualities or great services, had made and continued him a Senator. But there was deep dissatisfaction with him as an utterly selfish politician who used his position for his personal ends, and not for the advantage of the party. His resignation suddenly and clearly revealed this fact to the State and to the country. Mr. CONKLING had unwittingly unmasked himself.

It was at once felt that a man who could do what he had done was unfit for the post of Senator. He had left New York without representation in the Senate, he had abandoned the Senate to the Democrats, and he had stung to fury the difference of the party in this State, not because of any principle whatever, nor because of any advantage to be gained by the party, but solely from personal anger. It was a most childish act, and the mature man who could be guilty of it proved his essential unfitness for a position which requires, before all things, self-command, proper respect for a great official trust, and clear comprehension of the rights of others. All these Mr. CONKLING contemptuously disregarded to gratify his sense of personal wrong. But he did more. With his acquiescence, and probably by his advice, Mr. ARTHUR refused to allow a President of the Senate *pro tempore* to be elected, and thus exposed the country to the incalculable peril, which was pointed out at the time, of having but one person between the President and a lapse of the government. This was all done by Mr. CONKLING to revenge his wounded vanity. The country, the Republican party, the public welfare, the peaceful continuity of the government, were of no importance in his eyes compared with gratification of the personal hostility that he cherished for President GARFIELD. He had utterly unmasked himself, and the country saw him as he was, not as his sycophants painted him. Is it surprising that the people of New York felt instinctively that such a man was unfit to be a Senator of the United States?

No tolerable excuse for such action has been offered. Neither Mr. CONKLING nor his friends have alleged—for they could not do so truthfully—that the President had in any degree whatever transcended his power, or that the Senate, in confirming his action, had done anything but something that Mr. CONKLING did not wish it to do. The President had nominated an honest and competent man whom Mr. CONKLING did not like, and the Senate had confirmed the nomination. This was the whole case. Mr. CONKLING'S resignation could not affect even this. It could remedy no wrong, if wrong had been committed. It could produce nothing whatever but confusion and peril. The plea that a Senator should not be required to be a mere parasite of the President is as feeble as every other excuse that has been offered. Nobody has required or suggested such servility. A Senator has his vote and his voice. Let him oppose with them every Executive act that he condemns. With that his responsibility ends. Great Republican Senators in a Democratic Senate spoke and voted against the infamous measures of slavery. They were beaten, but they stood fast, and renewed the fight. This Republican Senator in a Republican Senate was displeased with a Republican nomination, and so ran away, by his flight changing a Republican to a Democratic Senate. Why should the party and the people whom he betrayed for his own selfish pleasure send him back again? Not one reason has been given, for none could be. It is not the noise of

the newspapers only which Mr. CONKLING has heard. It is the indignant voice of Republican principle and American intelligence speaking the simple truth, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

HOW TO SECURE THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

THE statutes which we published last week regulating the succession to the Presidency and the current discussion have apprised our readers of two startling facts: first, that there may be, as now, only one life between the President and an absolute vacation of the chief executive office; and second, that there is not always a Congress completely organized. If President GARFIELD and Vice-President ARTHUR were both disabled from any cause, there is no person now authorized to act as President, because there is no President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and no Speaker of the House of Representatives. If no action had been taken before their disability, there is no provision even for the summoning of Congress to organize; and if such action had been taken, there might be dangerous delays before an organization was effected. This is a situation which might easily prove to be very perilous, and which evidently ought not to continue.

The law which provides that a certain officer shall succeed to the Presidency under certain circumstances should also provide that there shall always be such an officer. The selection of a temporary President by the Senate should not be left to the whim of the Vice-President, and to his willingness to prevent an election, because for want of such an officer the Chief Magistracy may become vacant. There should be, also, always an organized House of Representatives. At present an evenly divided House, like that of the new Congress, when electing a Speaker might be really electing a President. These are all defects of detail in administration which are revealed by experience, and which are easily remediable. There is nothing more important than a settlement of the Presidential succession which will put it wholly beyond doubt or suspicion, and it is high time that the country insisted upon a careful consideration of the whole subject, from the method of electing the President, which is dangerously imperfect, as experience has proved, down to the details of the succession.

The latter subject could be arranged by a provision which the *Times* urges, and which has been often suggested, that the new Congress should meet and organize immediately upon the dissolution of the old. The law should require the election of presiding officers in both branches, and the threefold succession to the chief executive position would then be always full. Such an assembling of Congress for legislative business would have the further and very great advantage, irrespective of this provision for the Executive succession, that it would lessen the time between the election of Congress and its action. One of the anomalies of our national legislature now is that it does not meet until more than a year after its election. This would not be tolerated in a State, but it is equally absurd in the Union. The trouble would be avoided by requiring Congress to meet on the 4th of March following the election of the House, for organization and for legislative business.

MR. DEPEW.

ONE of the conspicuous figures in the New York Senatorial contest emerges without a stain. After a struggle which spared neither character, nor truth, nor decency, which is unprecedented for its foulness, and in which he was the especial mark of malice and factional ferocity, Mr. DEPEW stands before his fellow-citizens absolutely blameless. The parasites of Mr. CONKLING, who has not hesitated to appear for great corporations and monopolies, have busily raised the cry of monopoly candidate against Mr. DEPEW. One of them, in his place in the Assembly, openly charged Mr. DEPEW with systematic corruption, but carefully abstained from any specific assertion. Spies and detectives of every kind have been searching his record and shadowing his person. He has been present in Albany throughout the long contention, as he has been always present in recent sessions of the Legislature. But neither perjury, nor vindictive hate, nor the utmost ingenuity of malice, has been able to maintain or even to utter one single distinct accusation against the honorable character of Mr. DEPEW.

It is undeniable that the reputation of the Legislature was unsavory, and the friends of Mr. CONKLING have sought to show that the members of most doubtful character supported Mr. DEPEW. Of the 106 Republicans, Mr. DEPEW received the votes of 55, and Mr. CONKLING the votes of 35. Whether the weight of character was against Mr. DEPEW can easily be seen by those who know the members. It is enough that both in the Legislature and out of it Mr. CONKLING'S supporters comprise some of the most unhandsomely notorious "heelers" in the State. The attempt to connect Mr. DEPEW indirectly with bribery by the BRADLEY charge against SESSIONS ended in showing, not that SESSIONS had attempted to bribe BRADLEY, but that if he had intended to bribe any one, he had chosen wisely. The scheme to smirch Mr. DEPEW ludicrously miscarried. It was treated with deserved scorn, and his vote rose steadily throughout.

Mr. DEPEW'S withdrawal, in a frank and admirable letter, was an act of loyalty which the Republican party will not forget. It was in curious contrast with the refusal of Mr. CONKLING to do anything whatever except to occupy the position in which Mr. NAST recently depicted him. Unable to secure his own election, he has done what he could to prevent the election of any one else. Those who have abetted him in this utterly selfish course will not be forgotten. Mr. DEPEW'S bearing throughout the contest in which Mr. CONKLING'S adherents have vainly sought to discredit him, and his retirement from the canvass untouched except by calumny, have shown him to be an honorable gentleman, and have made him an exceedingly high private in the Republican ranks.

NEW YORK SENATORS.

THE large majority of the Republican members of the New York Legislature have selected Mr. ELBRIDGE G. LAPHAM, of Canandaigua, and Mr. WARNER MILLER, of Herkimer, as their candidates for the vacant Senatorships. Mr. LAPHAM is a lawyer, and Mr. MILLER a manufacturer. Both gentlemen have been for some time Representatives in Congress, and they are both honest, capable men. No exception can be taken to them under the acknowledged usages of party, and they would have been elected at once but for the determination of the small band of Conklingites to prevent an election. The intention of Mr. CONKLING and his band to do all the injury possible to the party in this State, in revenge for the fatal blow which he has dealt himself, has been long evident. It is possible that the contest may be ended before this paper is issued, but we should not be surprised to see the little CONKLING faction voting with the Democrats for an adjournment, in order to prevent the formal rejection of Mr. CONKLING by the Legislature which he believed to be his slave. His overwhelming rejection by the people is already effected.

CARLYLE UPON OLD SPAIN.

IN his little book upon CARLYLE, which the HARPERS have just published, Mr. CONWAY describes a capital summary of the essential relation of Spain and the Netherlands, which CARLYLE one day made in his strong way.

"Those Dutch are a strong people. They raised their land out of a marsh, and went on for a long period of time breeding cows and making cheese, and might have gone on with their cows and cheese till doomsday. But Spain comes over and says, 'We want you to believe in St. IGNATIUS.' 'Very sorry,' replied the Dutch, 'but we can't.' 'God! but you *must*,' says Spain; and they went about with guns and swords to make the Dutch believe in St. IGNATIUS—never made them believe in him, but did succeed in breaking their own vertebral column forever, and raising the Dutch into a great nation."

COOL.

IN a recent interview, ROBERT TOOMBS, the Captain Bobadil of secession, says that as Secretary of State of the Confederacy he discovered that England and France were both ready to recognize it, but objected to slavery. He therefore asked power to issue a proclamation of emancipation, freeing every slave by a stroke of the pen. But DAVIS and the cabinet, he says, had not the courage to do it. The proclamation, Mr. TOOMBS says, coolly, "could have been for gradual emancipation, and then repudiated, as WASHINGTON did the neutrality treaty, if necessary."

Mr. TOOMBS'S allusion to WASHINGTON'S repudiation of a treaty is unintelligible, but his suggestion of obtaining recognition from Europe by a trick involving the liberty of some millions of human beings is characteristic of a mind bred in contempt of human rights. The difference between TOOMBS'S proposition and the action of Mr. LINCOLN is that LINCOLN heartily believed in equal rights as the true and safe foundation of States, and that TOOMBS did not. Mr. TOOMBS, however, thinks that it is "sheer nonsense" for JEFFERSON DAVIS to discuss questions which the war has settled.

HARK, FROM THE TOMBS!

IN his late work upon the rebellion, which seems to excite very little attention, JEFFERSON DAVIS says: "In asserting the right of secession it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong." He implies that if we all bear in mind that it may be invoked at any time, we shall live together with a forbearance which will save us from the dire consequences of the appeal.

It was hardly worth while to tell Americans that there is a right of revolution, for that is what Mr. DAVIS'S words mean. Even his own statement is incorrect. If, as he asserts, there be a right of secession, the late war does not prove it to be impracticable; it proves only that this particular assertion of it failed. There have been many abortive revolutions, but they did not prove revolution to be impracticable. *Si monumentum queris, circumspice.* When the war began, and DAVIS and his men were crying to be "let alone," they were told they were fooling themselves with words; that secession meant merely overthrow of the government, and that the overthrow of a government is revolution. But revolution is justifiable only when oppression is both intolerable and irremediable by legal and peaceful means. This is the elementary doctrine of the Revolution which achieved our independence, and all the sophistry of State sovereignty and reserved rights did not confuse it in the public mind. It is not possible to imagine a more futile task than the effort to resuscitate the theory of secession. It is an insult to American common-sense to assert that a national union like ours is at the mercy of a whim of Delaware or Rhode Island, and that is the substance of DAVIS'S doctrine.

PERSONAL.

OUR new Minister to Austria, Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, had his official reception a few days since by the Emperor, and a very flattering one it was. After the customary courtly salutations, a long and cordial conversation in French took place, Mr. PHELPS speaking that language with fluency. With Mr. PHELPS'S experience of public life, his scholarly acquirements, his familiarity with business affairs on a large scale, his proverbial hospitality and the large fortune which enables him to indulge it, he can scarcely fail to become one of the most popular ministers we have had at that court.

—Lord HATHERLY, who died in London on the 10th of July, was one of the ablest and purest men who have filled the office of Lord Chancellor. He was also a very religious man, and when in health allowed nothing to interfere with his daily attendance at the early service in Westminster Abbey. His father, Sir MATTHEW WOOD, was a man of note in his day. He was a coadjutor of BROUGHAM, and an ardent supporter of the unhappy wife of GEORGE IV. He loaned the money which enabled the Duchess of Kent to go to England and give birth to the present Queen on British soil. Lord HATHERLY'S son, Sir EVELYN WOOD, has won renown in the Zulu campaign. A few days since Sir EVELYN was presented with a daughter, who will have for godmothers Queen VICTORIA and the ex-Empress EUGÉNIE.

—Dean STANLEY expresses the opinion that the discourse of Principal CAIRD on "Religion in Common Life" is the best that has been produced in this century. This famous sermon was preached in 1856, before the Queen and Prince ALBERT, in the little parish church of Crathie, and was so warmly praised by the Prince that it was immediately published, by her Majesty's command, and lifted its author into such distinction that he was in the following year called to a distinguished pastorate in Glasgow. Those who are curious in such matters will find an unusually commendatory article on the sermon in *Blackwood's Magazine* for February, 1856.

—Mr. GILFILLAN, Treasurer of the United States, is forty-five, and of Scotch descent. At Williams College he was in the class with President GARFIELD, Colonel ROCKWELL, and Marshal KNOX. In his office he stands at a high desk, where he has sometimes signed his name more than three thousand times a day. The Treasury locks have a clock attachment, and are opened by its operation at nine o'clock in the morning. The Treasurer is the only one who knows all the combinations.

—GARIBALDI, after having frequently declined it, has finally accepted a yearly pension of $6000, offered by King HUMBERT from his civil list. The old patriot is therefore enabled to enlarge his establishment at Caprera, and do a little more entertaining.

—Mr. D. O. MILLS, of this city, has just presented to the University of California $75,000, to endow a chair of intellectual and moral philosophy and civil polity.

—ROBERT TOOMBS, the fiery old Georgian, who still believes in secession, and that it was the correct thing for the South to do, does not entertain the highest admiration for Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS'S late literary exploit. He is reported to have said recently: "I do not recognize Mr. DAVIS'S history. It would have been a great deal better for him and the South if it had never been written. Most of the people in this country regret that it ever was written. The truth is, the bulk of the people of the South pity DAVIS rather than admire him. The trouble with DAVIS was, and is, that he has an exalted idea of his own importance. He has some ability, but no nerve, and has not the slightest capacity for managing men. I have not a thing against him except his follies."

—At the great volunteer review held a few days ago in Windsor Park by the Queen, there were more men under arms—58,000 all told—than were ever mustered at one time on British soil since King EDWARD marched to the invasion of Scotland. Among the London corps present were the Inns of Court, popularly known as the Devil's Own (every man in the regiment being a lawyer), and the Artists, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, President of the Royal Academy.

—It was a gratifying incident to Messrs. SIEMENS BROTHERS, who completed the new American cable on the 8th of July, that the first message from London transmitted over it was from themselves to President GARFIELD, conveying their sympathies and wishes for his speedy recovery. Dean STANLEY telegraphed that prayers are daily offered in Westminster Abbey for the President's restoration to health.

—Professor PARK, though he has resigned the professorship he has so ably filled for forty years, will not entirely sever his connection with Andover Theological Seminary, but will, at the request of the trustees, devote himself for the present to the preparation for the press of his lectures on Systematic Theology. His salary is to be continued.

—A recent review of PARTON'S *Voltaire* says that "VOLTAIRE, above all, was free from the common anxiety that haunts authors. He never knew what it was to want money. To the thrift of his nation and home training he joined a bold and apt spirit of speculation. His gains from his works, increased by gifts and pensions, were swelled by the fruits of skillful ventures in the funds, in commerce, in army contracts, and his investments were so prudently managed that his revenue the year before his death amounted to 206,000 francs, 'about equal in purchasing power to the same number of our dollars in 1881.' His expenditure was suited to his station, his hospitality free, and his care of relatives and dependents liberal. Only his enemies accused VOLTAIRE of avarice."

—The Rev. JOHN F. ADAMS, of the New Hampshire Conference, who is now ninety-one years old, is said to be the oldest preacher of the Methodist Church in this country or in the world.

—ALEXANDER MITCHELL, Esq., of Milwaukee, is about to present to that city a public park. Mr. MITCHELL is regarded as the most opulent man in the Northwest, and held in universal esteem for his fine qualities of head as well as of heart.

—Master JIMMIE GARFIELD, the President's son, proposes that on his father's recovery a truthful narrative shall be given to him of what has really been going on of late. A few days ago he was found at the secretary's table writing in a note-book, and when asked if he had taken upon himself the affairs of state, replied: "No, but I have done the next hardest thing—I have started a diary. I don't intend to keep it long; only till father gets so I can read it to him. You see, he don't know what's going on. The doctors won't tell him anything, nor allow Colonel ROCKWELL nor General SWAIM to do so." He continued, with boyish frankness: "I tell you, none of my chums will ever aspire to be President. I don't like Washington now. Mother has been sick ever since we came to the beastly place, and now father is shot. Ambition is all very nice for school essays, but it's like other things—it don't pay. MOLLIE, my sister, don't get along at all. She's gone to stay at Colonel ROCKWELL'S house, where she has a chum, Colonel ROCKWELL'S daughter, and only HARRY and I are here in the gloomy place." After a pause: "I hate this place. I wish I wrote columns for the newspapers like you do—wouldn't I give it to it? I'll do it in my diary, anyway."

"AND THE VICE-CHANCELLOR BEGAN TO MAKE CERTAIN OBSERVATIONS."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1277.]

The Beautiful Wretch: A Brighton Story.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CATASTROPHE.

HOWEVER, Madge's ill temper was never of long duration; and at this particular time, instead of sinking further into sulks over the absence of her lover, she grew day by day more joyous and generous and affectionate. The change was most marked; and Nan, who was her sister's chief confidante, could not make it out at all. Her gayety became almost hysterical, and her kindness to everybody in the house ran to extravagance. She bought trinkets for the servants. She presented Mr. Tom with a boot-jack mounted in silver; and he was pleased to say that it was the first sensible present he had ever known a girl make. But it was toward Nan that she was most particularly affectionate and caressing.

"You know I'm not clever, Nan," she said, in a burst of confidence, "and I haven't got clock-works in my brain, and I dare say I'm not interesting—*to everybody*. But I know girls who are stupider than I am who are made plenty of. And, of course, if you don't have any romance when you're young, when are you likely to get it after?"

"But I don't know what you mean, Madge," Nan exclaimed.

Nor did Madge explain at the moment. She continued:

"I believe it was you, Nan, who told me of the young lady who remarked, 'What's the use of temptation if you don't yield to it?'"

"That was only a joke," said Nan, with her demure smile.

"Oh, I think there's sense in it," said the practical Madge. "It doesn't do to be too wise when you're young."

"It so seldom happens, Madge," said her sister.

"There you are again, old Mother Hubbard, with your preaching. But I'm not going to quarrel with you this time. I want your advice. I want you to tell me what little thing I should buy for Frank, just to be friends all round, don't you know."

"Friends? Yes, I hope so!" said Nan, with a grave smile. "But how can I tell you, Madge? I don't know, as you ought to know, what Captain King has in the way of cigar cases or such things."

"But call him Frank, Nan! Do, to please me. And I know he would like it."

"Some time I may," said Nan, evasively. "Afterward, perhaps."

"When you come to Kingscourt," said Madge, with a curious kind of laugh.

Nan was silent, and turned away; she never seemed to wish to speak of Kingscourt or her going there.

Frank King's stay in London was prolonged for some reason or other; at length he announced his intention of returning to Brighton on a particular Thursday. On the Tuesday night Nan and Madge arranged that they would get fresh flowers the next day for the decoration of the rooms.

"And this is what I will do for you, Madge, as it is a special occasion," remarked Miss Anne, with grave patronage. "If you will get up early to-morrow, I will take you to a place, not more than four miles off, where you will find any quantity of hart's-tongue fern. It is a deep ditch, I suppose a quarter of a mile long, and the banks are covered. Of course I don't want any one to know, for it is so near Brighton it would be harried for the shops; but I will show you the place, as you will soon be going away now, and we can take a basket."

"But how did you find it out, Nan?"

"Some one showed it to me."

"The singing-woman, I suppose?"

"Yes. Think of that! I believe she could get twopence a root, and she might fill a cart there. But she won't touch one."

"No," said Edith, with a superior smile. "She leaves that for young ladies who could very well afford to go to a florist's."

"What I shall take won't hurt," said Nan, meekly.

So, next morning, Nan got up about eight, dressed, and was ready to start. That is to say, she never arranged her programme for the day with the slightest respect to meals. So long as she could get an apple and a piece of bread to put in her pocket, she felt provided against everything. However, she thought she would go along to Madge's room, and see if that young lady had ideas about breakfast.

Madge's room was empty; and Nan thought it strange she should have gone down stairs without knocking at her door in passing. But when Nan also went below she found that Madge had left the house before any one was up. She could not understand it at all.

Mr. Tom came down. "Oh," said he, indifferently, "she wants to be mighty clever and find out those ferns for herself."

"But I did not tell her where they were. I only said they were on the road to ——," said Nan, naming the place. The writer has reasons of his own for not being more explicit.

"All the cleverer if she can find out. The cheek of the young party is pyramidal," said Mr. Tom as he rang for breakfast.

But at lunch, also, Madge had not turned up.

"It is very extraordinary," said Lady Beresford, though she was too languid to be deeply concerned.

"Oh no, it isn't, mother," said Mr. Tom. "It's all Nan's fault. Nan has infected her. The Baby, you'll see, has taken to tramping about the country with gypsies, and prowling about farmers' kitchens, and catching leverets, and stuff. We lives on the simple fruits of the earth, my dears; we eats of the root, and we drinks of the spring; but that doesn't prevent us having a whacking appetite somewhere about 7.45. Edith, my love, pass me the cayenne pepper."

"Boys shouldn't use cayenne pepper," said Nan.

"And babies should speak only when they're spoken to," he observed. "Mother dear, I have arrived at the opinion that Madge has run away with young Hanbury. I am certain of it. The young gentleman is fool enough for anything."

"You always were spiteful against Mr. Hanbury," said Edith, "because his feet are smaller than yours."

"My love," retorted Mr. Tom, with imperturbable good-nature, "his feet may be small. It is in his stupidity that he is really great. Jack Hanbury can only be described in the words of the American poet: he is a commodious ass."

Now this conjecture of Mr. Tom's about the cause of Madge's disappearance was only a piece of gay facetiousness. It never did really occur to him that any one—that any creature with a head capable of being broken—would have the wild audacity to run away with one of his sisters while he, Mr. Tom Beresford, was to the fore. But that afternoon post brought Nan a letter. She was amazed to see by the handwriting that it was from Madge; she was still more alarmed when she read these words, scrawled with a trembling hand, and in pencil:

"Dearest, dearest Nan, don't be angry. By the time you get this, Jack and I will be married. It is all for the best, dear Nan; and you will pacify them; and it is no use following us; for we shall be in France, until it is all smoothed down. Not a single bridesmaid—we daren't—but what wouldn't I do for Jack's sake? It is time I did something to make up for all he has suffered—he was looking so ill—in another month he would have *died*. He worships me. You never saw anything like it. Jack has just come back; so good-by; from your loving, loving sister, MARGARET HANBURY.—Do you know who that is, Nan?"

Nan, not a little frightened, took the letter to her brother, and gave it him without a word. But Mr. Tom's rage was at once prompt and voluble. That she should have disgraced the family—for, of course, the whole thing would be in the papers! That she should have cheated and jilted his most particular friend! But as for this fellow Hanbury—

"I said it all along. I told you what would come of it. I knew that fellow was haunting her like a shadow. Well, we'll see how a shadow likes being locked up on bread and water. Oh, it's no use your protesting, Nan; I will let the law take its course. We'll see how he likes that. 'Stone walls do not a prison make'—that's what love-sick fellows say, don't they? Wait a bit. Mr. Jack Hanbury will find that stone walls make a very good imitation of a prison, at all events."

"But, Tom—dear Tom," Nan pleaded, "it is no use making matters worse. Let us try to make them better. If Madge

"SHE CAUGHT HIM BY THE HAND."

"I WISH TO SHOW YOU A LETTER SHE HAS WRITTEN."

is married, it can't be helped now. We must make the best of it."

He paid no attention to her; he was still staring at the ill-written letter.

"That's all gammon about their going to France. He hasn't money for travelling. She spent all hers in knickknacks—to propitiate people, the sneak! They're in London."

He looked at his watch.

"I can just catch the 5.45 express. Nan, you go and tell the others; they needn't squawk about it all over Brighton."

"What are you going to do, Tom?" said his sister, breathlessly.

"Find out where they are first. Then Colonel Fitzgerald and Mr. Mason must take it up. Then Mr. Jack Hanbury will suddenly find himself inside Millbank prison."

She caught him by the hand.

"Tom, is it wise?" she pleaded again. "They are married. What is the use of revenge? You don't want to make your own sister miserable?"

"She has brought it on herself," he said, roughly.

"Then that is what I am to think of you," she said, regarding him, "that some day I may hear you talk in that way about me?"

He never could resist the appeal of Nan's clear, faithful eyes.

"You wouldn't be such a fool," he said. "And they won't touch Madge. It's only that fellow they'll go for—the mean hound, to marry a girl for her money!"

"How do you know it was for her money, Tom?" Nan pleaded. "I am certain they were fond of each other."

"I don't want to miss my train," said he. "You go and tell the maternal I'm off to London. I suppose you don't know the address of Hanbury's father?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, I'm off. Ta, ta!"

So the irate Mr. Tom departed. But in the comparative silence of the Pullman car the fury of his rage began to abate; and it dawned upon him that, after all, Nan's counsel might have something in it. No doubt these two young fools, as he mentally termed them, were married by this time. He still clung to the idea that Jack Hanbury deserved punishment—a horsewhipping or something of the kind; but Madge was Madge. She was silly; and she had "got into a hole"; still, she was Madge. She might be let off with a serious lecture on her folly, and on her disregard of what she owed to the other members of the family. Only, the first thing was to find out their whereabouts.

On arriving in London he drove to his club, and after some little searching discovered that Mr. Gregory Hanbury's address was Adelphi Terrace, whither he at once repaired. Mr. Hanbury was at dinner. He sent up his card nevertheless, and asked to be allowed to see Mr. Hanbury on particular business. The answer was a request to step up stairs into the dining-room.

He found that occupied by two gentlemen who were dining to-

gether at the upper end of a large table. One came forward to meet him. He took it for granted this was Mr. Hanbury—a slight, short man, with black hair and eyes, and a very stiff white cravat.

"Mr. Beresford," said he, "I can guess what has brought you here. Let me introduce you to my brother—Major Hanbury. It is an unfortunate business."

The other gentleman—also slight and short, but with a sun-browned, dried-up face, and big gray mustache—bowed and resumed his seat.

"You know, then, that your son has run away with my sister," said Mr. Tom, somewhat hotly, though he had determined to keep his temper. "Perhaps you know also where they are?"

"No further," said the black-haired gentleman, with perfect calmness, "than that I believe them to be in London. It is only about a couple of hours since I heard of the whole affair. I immediately sent for my brother. It is a most distressing business altogether. Of course you are chiefly concerned for your sister; but my son is in a far more serious position."

"Yes, I should think so!" exclaimed Mr. Tom. "I should think he was! But you don't know where they are?"

"No; I only know they are in London. I received a letter from my son this afternoon, asking me to intercede for him with the Court of Chancery; and it is from this letter that I learn how serious his position is—more serious than he seems to imagine. He appears to think that, now the marriage has taken place, the Vice-Chancellor will condone everything."

"He won't: I will take good care that he sha'n't!" Mr. Tom said.

"My dear sir, I am sorry to say that my son is in a very awkward situation, even although no personal vindictiveness be shown toward him. Your sister is not of age, I believe?"

"Of course not. She's just turned eighteen."

"Ah. Then, you see, Jack had to declare that she was of age. And he appears to have stated that he had resided three weeks in the parish, whereas he only came up from Brighton yesterday morning. And, again, marrying in the direct teeth of an order of the Court—I am afraid, sir, that he is in a bad enough predicament without any personal vengeance being shown him."

This seemed to strike Mr. Tom.

"I don't hit a man when he's down. I will let the law take its course. I sha'n't interfere."

"Don't you think, sir," said this man with the calm black eyes and the quiet manner, "that it might be wiser, in the interests of your sister, if you were to help us to arrange some amicable settlement which we could put before the Court? I believe the guardians of the young lady were very much misinformed about my son's character and his intentions with regard to her. I am certain that it was not her fortune that attracted him, or that could have led him into the perilous position he now occupies. Now, if we could go before the Vice-Chancellor and say: 'The marriage is not so unsuitable after all. The young man comes of a highly respectable family. His relations (that is, my brother and myself, sir) are willing to place a substantial sum at his disposal for investment in a sound business—indeed, there is a brewery at Southampton that my brother has just been speaking of—'"

"A brewery!" exclaimed Mr. Tom; but he instantly recollected that beer was as good as soda-water, from a social point of view.

"And if we could say to the Vice-Chancellor that the friends of the young lady were willing to condone his offense—always providing, of course, and naturally, that your sister's fortune should be strictly settled upon herself—then, perhaps, he might be let off with a humble apology to the Court, and the young people be left to their own happiness. My dear sir, we lawyers see so much of the inevitable hardship of human life that when a chance occurs of friendly compromise—"

"That's all very well," blurted out Mr. Tom. "But I call it very mean and shabby of him to inveigle my sister away like that. She was engaged to be married to an old friend of mine; a much better fellow, I'll be bound! I call it very shabby."

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, placidly, "I do not seek for a moment to excuse my son's conduct, except to remind you that at a certain period of life romance counts for something. I believe many young ladies are like the young lady in the play—I really forget what her name was—who was disappointed to find that she was not to be run away with. However, that is a different matter. I put it to you whether it would not be better for every one concerned if we were to try to arrive at an amicable arrangement, and give the young people a fair start in life."

"Of course I can't answer for all our side," said Mr. Tom, promptly. "You'd better come with me to-morrow, and we'll talk it over with Colonel Fitzgerald and Mr. Mason. I don't bear malice. I think what you say is fair and right—if the settlement is strict. And if it came to be a question of interceding, there's an old friend of ours, Sir George Stratherne, who, I know, knows the Vice-Chancellor very intimately—"

"My dear sir!" the lawyer protested, with either real or affected horror; "do not breathe such a thing! do not think of such a thing! The duty of the Vice-Chancellor to his wards is of the extremest kind; his decisions are beyond suspicion; what we have got to say we must say in open court."

"But if they were to lock your son up in prison," said Mr. Tom, with a gentle smile, "that couldn't prevent Sir George taking my sister to call on the Vice-Chancellor some afternoon at his own house. And Madge is rather pretty. And she might cry."

"Will you take a glass of wine, Mr. Beresford?" said the lawyer, effusively; for he saw that he had quite won over Mr. Tom to his side.

"No, thank you," said the latter, rising; "I must apologize for interrupting your dinner. I'll look up Colonel Fitzgerald and Mason to-morrow morning, and bring them along here, most likely; that will be the simplest way. I suppose you are likely to know sooner than any one where these two fugitives have got to?"

"I think so. I have sent an advertisement to the morning papers. I shall certainly counsel my son to surrender at once, and throw himself on the mercy of the Court. My dear sir, I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness, your very great kindness, in calling."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mr. Tom, going to the door. And then he added, ruefully, "Now I've got to go and hunt up my friend, and tell him that my own sister has jilted him. You've no idea what a treat that will be!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT LAST.

He found Frank King in the little room in Cleveland Row, alone, sitting before the fire, a closed book on the small table beside him.

"I've got bad news for you, King," he said, bluntly. "I wish it hadn't been my sister. But you know what women are. It's better to have nothing at all to do with them."

"But what is it?" Frank King said, with some alarm on his face.

"Madge has bolted."

"Madge has bolted?" the other repeated, staring at Mr. Tom in a bewildered sort of way.

"Yes; gone and married that fellow Hanbury. This morning. I'm very sorry I have to come to you with a story like that about my own sister."

Mr. Tom was very much surprised to find his friend jump up from the chair and seize him by the arm.

"Do you know this, Beresford," he said, in great excitement, "you have taken a mill-stone from my neck? I have been sitting wondering whether I shouldn't cut my throat at once, or make off for Australia."

"Oh, come, I say!" interposed Mr. Tom, with a quick flush.

"Oh, you needn't think I have anything to say against your sister," exclaimed his friend, on whose face there was a sudden and quite radiant gladness. "You don't understand it at all, Beresford. It will take some explanation. But I assure you you could not have brought me pleasanter news; and yet I have not a word to say against your sister. I know that is a privilege you reserve for yourself; and quite right too."

It was manifestly clear that Captain King was not shamming satisfaction; not for many a day had his face looked so bright.

"Well, I'm glad you take it that way," said Mr. Tom. "I thought you would be cut up. Most fellows are, though they pretend not to be. I really do believe you're rather glad that Madge has given you the slip."

"Sit down, Beresford, and I will tell you all about it. I proposed to your sister Anne years ago."

"To Nan? Why wasn't I told?"

"These things are not generally preached from the house-tops. She refused me point-blank, and I knew she was a girl who knew her own mind. Then I rejoined my ship, and remained mostly abroad for a long time. I fancied it would all blow over, but it didn't. I was harder hit than I thought; and then, you know, sailors are driven to think of by-gone things. Well, you remember when I came home—when I met you in the street. I thought I should like to have just another glimpse of Nan—of Miss Anne, I mean—before she married the parson. Do you remember my going into the drawing-room? Madge was there—the perfect image of Nan! Indeed, I thought at first she was Nan herself. And wasn't it natural I should imagine the two sisters alike in disposition too? And then, as it was hopeless about Nan, I fancied—I imagined—Well, the truth is, I made a most confounded mistake, Beresford; and the only thing I have been thinking of, day and night, of late, was what was the proper and manly thing to do, whether to tell Madge frankly, or whether to say nothing, with the hope that after marriage it would all come right. And now you needn't wonder at my being precious glad she has herself settled the affair; and there is not a human being in the world more heartily wishes her life-long happiness than I do. And I wish to goodness I knew some way of letting her know that, too."

Tom stretched out his legs—his hands were in his pockets—and said, contemplatively:

"So you thought Madge was the same as Nan? I could have told you different if you had asked me. You thought you could find another girl like Nan? If you want to try, you'll have to step out. By the time you've found her, the Wandering Jew 'll be a fool compared to you. Girls like Nan don't grow on every blackberry bush."

"I know that," said Frank King, with a sigh.

Then Mr. Tom looked at his watch.

"I'm very hungry," said he. "Have you dined?"

"No, I have not. I was going to walk along to the club when you came in."

"Come with me to the Waterloo. You see, something must be done about these two ninnies. He must get something to do and set to work. The Baby has never been accustomed to live up a tree; she must have a proper house."

Frank King got his coat and hat, and they both went out. He was thinking of his own affairs mostly, and of this singular sense of relief that seemed to permeate him; Mr. Tom, on the other hand, was discussing the various aspects of the elopement, more particularly with regard to the Court of Chancery. During dinner the two friends arrived at the conclusion that people generally would look upon the affair as a harmless, or even humorous, escapade; and that the Court, seeing that the thing was done, would allow the young people to go their way, with a suitable admonition.

This was not quite what happened, however. To begin with, there was a clamor of contention and advice among guardians and friends; there were anonymous appeals to the runaways in agony columns; there were futile attempts made to pacify the Court of Chancery. All the Beresfords came up to town except Nan, who remained to look after the Brighton house. The chief difficulty of the moment was to discover the whereabouts of Mr. John Hanbury. That gentleman was coy, and wanted to find out something of what was likely to happen to him if he emerged from his hiding-place. At last it was conveyed to him that he was only making matters worse; then he wrote from certain furnished apartments in a house on the southwest side of Regent's Park; finally, there was a series of business interviews, and it was arranged that on a particular day he should attend the court and hear the decision of the Vice-Chancellor.

On that fateful morning poor Madge, her pretty eyes all bedimmed with tears, and her lips tremulous, was with her sisters and mother in the rooms in Bruton Street; the gentlemen only attended the court. Jack Hanbury was looking exceedingly nervous and pale. And indeed, when the case came on, and the Vice-Chancellor began to make certain observations, even Mr. Tom, whose care for the future of his sister had now quite overcome all his scorn for that fellow Hanbury, grew somewhat alarmed. The Court did not at all appear inclined to take the free-and-easy view of the matter that had been anticipated. The Vice-Chancellor's sentences, one after the other, seemed to become more and more severe, as he described the gross conduct and contempt of which this young man had been guilty. He deplored the condition of the law in England, which allowed persons to get married on the strength of false statements. He wound up his lecture, which had a conciseness and pertinence about it not often found in lectures, by the brief announcement that he should forthwith make an order committing Mr. John Hanbury to Holloway prison.

There was an ominous silence for a brief second or so. Then the Court was addressed by Mr. Rupert—who was Mary Beresford's husband, and a fairly well-known Q.C.—who made a very humble and touching little appeal. He said he represented the relatives of the young lady; he was himself a near relative; and they were all inclined to beg his lordship to take a merciful view of the case. They did not think the young man, though he had acted most improperly, was inspired by mercenary motives. He was now in court, and was anxious to make the most profound apology. If his lordship—

But at this moment his lordship, by the slightest of gestures, seemed to intimate that Mr. Rupert was only wasting time; and the end of it was that Mr. Jack Hanbury, after having heard a little more lecturing on the heinousness of his conduct, found himself under the charge of the tipstaff of the court, with Holloway prison as his destination. It was not to be considered as a humorous escapade, after all.

"Madge will have a fit," said Mr. Tom, when they were outside again. "Some one must go and tell her. I sha'n't."

"I knew he must be committed," said Mr. Rupert to the young man's father. "There was no help for that; his contempt of Court was too heinous. Now the proper thing to do is to let him have a little dose of prison—the authority of the Court must be vindicated, naturally; and then we must have a definite scheme for the establishment of the young man in business before we beg the Court to reconsider the matter. I mean, you must name a sum, and it must be ready. And then there must be an understanding that Miss Beresford's—I mean Mrs. Hanbury's—small fortune shall be settled on herself."

"My advice," remarked Mr. Tom, "is that Madge should go herself and see the Vice-Chancellor. She might do the pathetic business—a wife and not a widow, or whatever the poetry of the thing is. I think it's deuced hard lines to lock up a fellow for merely humbugging an old parson up in Kentish Town. Why shouldn't people get married when they want to? Fancy having to live three weeks in Kentish Town! I wouldn't live three weeks in Kentish Town to marry a duchess."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Rupert, dryly, "that the Vice-Chancellor is too familiar with the sight of pretty damsels in distress. I think, Mr. Hanbury, if you can produce a deed of partnership with your friends in Southampton, that would be more likely to influence the Court. On our side we agree. And of course there must be a humble apology from the young man himself. We had better wait a week, or a fortnight, and then renew the application. I will go myself and tell the young lady what has happened."

Madge did not go into a fit at all; but what she did do was to decline positively to remain in Bruton Street. No; back she would go to the rooms that her dear Jack had taken for her. They might come to see her there if they liked; but that was her home; it was her place as a wife to remain in the home that her husband had chosen for her. Madge did not cry as much as had been expected; she was angry and indignant, and she said hard things about the condition of the law in England; and she had a vague belief that her brother Tom was a renegade and traitor and coward because he did not challenge the Vice-Chancellor to a duel on Calais sands.

Nevertheless, in her enforced widowhood, Madge found time to write the inclosed letter—nay, she went first of all to the trouble of walking down Baker Street until she came to a shop where she could get very pretty and nicely scented note-paper for the purpose:

"Dear Frank,—Tom brought me yesterday your very manly and generous letter, and I must write and thank you for your kind wishes for my happiness. It's dreadful to think that persons should be shut up in prison, when everybody is agreed it is needless, merely to satisfy a form. You are very kind in what you say; you were always kind to me—kinder than I deserved. But I didn't think you would mind very much my running away, for I am sure you care far more for Nan than you ever cared for me; and now Edith declares that Nan has been in love with you all the time. I hear you have been doing everything in your power toward getting poor Jack out of prison, and so I thought I would do you a good turn also. You might take this letter to Nan, and ask her if every word in it isn't true—unless you think you've had enough of our family already. Dear Frank, I am so glad you forgive me; and when I get out of my present deep distress I hope you will come and see us, and be like old friends. Yours sincerely,

"Madge Hanbury."

At this present moment Captain King, as they still call him (for all these things happened not so long ago), considers this letter the most valuable he ever received. Not any message from home announcing to the school-boy that a hamper would speedily arrive; not any communication from the Admiralty after he had arrived at man's estate; nay, not any one of Nan's numerous love-letters—witty and tender and clever as these were—had for him anything like the gigantic importance of this letter. It is needless to say that, very shortly after the receipt of it, and without saying a word to anybody, he slipped down to Brighton, and got a room at the Norfolk.

It was so strange to think that Nan was a little way along there; and that there was still a chance that that same Nan—the wonder of the world, with whose going away from him the world had got quite altered somehow—might still be his. It bewildered him as yet. To think of Nan at Kingscourt!—her presence filling the house with sunlight; charming everybody with her quiet, humorous ways, and her self-possession, and her sweetness, and the faithfulness of her frank, clear eyes. And all his thinking came back to the one point. This was now Nan herself he had a chance of winning; not any imaginary Nan; not any substitute; not any vision to be wavering this way and that; but the very Nan herself. And if it was true—if the real Nan, after all, was to go hand in hand through life with him—where, of all the places in the world, should they first go to together? To that far-away inn at Splügen, surely! Now it would be his own Nan who would sit at the small table, and laugh with her shining, clear eyes. She would walk with him up the steep pass, the sunlight on her pink cheeks; he would hear the chirp of her boot on the wet snow.

Amid all this wild whirl of hope and doubt and delightful assurance it was hard to have to wait for an opportunity of speaking to Nan alone. He would not go to the house, lest there should be visitors or some one staying there; he would rather catch Nan on one of her pilgrimages in the country or along the downs, with solitude and silence to aid him in his prayer. But that chance seemed far off. He watched for Nan incessantly, and his sharp sailor's eyes followed her keenly, while he kept at a considerable distance. But Nan seemed to be very busy at this time. Again and again he was tempted to speak to her as she came out of this or that, or when he saw her carrying an armful of toys into some small back street. But he was afraid. There was so much to win; so much to lose. He guessed that, sooner or later, the vagrant blood in Nan would drive her to seek the solitariness of the high cliffs over the sea.

It turned out differently, however. One squally and stormy morning he saw her leave the house, her Ulster buttoned up, her hat well down over her brows. He let her pass the hotel, and slipped out afterward. By-and-by she turned up into the town, and finally entered a stationer's shop, where there was a public library. No doubt she had merely come to order some books, he said to himself, down-heartedly, and would go straight back again.

However, on coming out he noticed her glance up at the driven sky, where the clouds were breaking here and there. Then she went down East Street toward the sea. Then she passed the Aquarium by the lower road. This he could not understand at all, as she generally kept to the cliffs.

He soon discovered her intention. There was a heavy sea rolling in; and she had always a great delight in watching the big waves come swinging by the head of the Chain Pier. That, indeed, turned out to be her destination. When he had seen the slight, girlish-looking figure well away out there, he also went on the Pier and followed.

It is needless to say that there was not a human being out there at the end. Tags and rags of flying clouds were sending showers of rain spinning across; between them great bursts of sunlight flooded the sea; and the vast green masses of water shone as they broke on the wooden piles and thundered on below. When he reached the head of the Pier, he found that Nan, who fancied herself entirely alone, was resting her elbows on the bar, and so holding on her hat, as she looked down on the mighty volumes of water that broke and rushed roaring below.

He touched her on the shoulder; she jumped up with a start and turned, growing a little pale as she confronted him. He, also, had an apprehensive look in his eyes; perhaps it was that that frightened her.

"Nothing has happened to Madge?" she said, quickly.

"No. But come over there to the shelter. I wish to show you a letter she has written."

A few steps brought them to a sudden si-

lence; it was like stepping from the outer air into a diving-bell.

"Nan, I want you to read this letter, and tell me if it is true."

He gave it her; she read it; then slowly, very slowly, the one hand holding the letter dropped, and she stood there silent, her eyes downcast.

"Nan, I have loved you since the very first night I ever saw you. I tried to make believe that Madge was you; Madge herself has saved us from what might have happened through that desperate mistake. And you, Nan—you are free now—there is no one in the way—is it true what Edith says?"

"It isn't quite true," said Nan, in a very low voice; and her fingers were making sad work with Madge's letter. "I mean—if she means—what you can say—since the very first night that we met. But I think at least—it is true—since"—and here Nan looked up at him with her faithful eyes, and in them there was something that was neither laughing nor crying, but was strangely near to both—"since—since ever we parted at Como!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

"BRING HOME THE BRIDE SO FAIR!"

"Poor Jack!" that was all Madge's cry. She did not care what arrangement was being got up by the parents and guardians interested. She did not want her fortune settled on herself. To her it did not matter whether the brewery was in Southampton or in Jerusalem. All her piteous appeal was that her dear Jack should be got out of prison; and the opinion that she had formed of the gross tyranny and cruelty and obstinacy of English law was of a character that dare not be set forth here.

"What is the use of it?" she would say. "What good can it do except to keep people miserable?"

"My dear child," the sighing and sorely troubled mother would answer, "the Vice-Chancellor has admitted that it can do no good. But the authority of the Court must be vindicated."

"It is nothing but a mean and contemptible revenge!" exclaimed Madge.

However, Mr. Tom took a much more cool and business-like view of the matter.

"When he is let out," he remarked, "I hope the Vice-Chancellor will make the other side pay the costs of all these applications and proceedings. I don't see why we should pay, simply because Jack Hanbury went and made an ass of himself."

"I beg you to remember that you are speaking of my husband!" said Madge, with a sudden fierceness.

"Oh, well, but didn't he?" Mr. Tom said. "What was the use of bolting like that when he knew he must be laid by the heels? Why didn't he go to his father and uncle, to begin with, and get them to make this arrangement they have now, and then have gone to the Chief Clerk and showed him that there was no objection anywhere?"

"It was because you were all against him," said poor Madge, beginning to cry. "Everybody—everybody. And now he may be shut up there for a whole year—or two years."

"Oh, but he isn't so badly off," said Mr. Tom, soothingly. "You can see they treat him very well. By Jingo! if it was the tread-mill, now—that would exercise his toes for him! I tried it once in York Castle; and I can tell you when you find this thing pawing at you over your head it's like an elephant having a game with you. Never mind, Madge. Don't cry. Look here: I'll bet you five sovereigns to one that they let him out on the next application—that's for Thursday. Are you on?"

"Do you mean it?" she said, looking up.

"I do."

It was wonderful how quickly the light came into her face.

"Then there is a chance?" she said. "I can't believe the others, for they are only trying to comfort me. But if you would bet on it, Tom, then there's really a chance."

"Bet's off. You should have snapped at it, Madge. Never mind, you'll have your dear Jack; that 'll do instead."

That afternoon Mary Beresford, now Mrs. Rupert, called, and Mr. Tom, with much dignity of manner, came into the room holding an open letter in his hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "and friends assembled, I have a piece of news for you. Mr. Francis Holford King, late Commander in her Majesty's Navy, has just contracted a—what d'ye call it?—kind of engagement with Miss Anne Beresford of that ilk. It strikes me this is what is termed consolation stakes."

"There you are quite wrong," said Madge, promptly and cheerfully. 'He meant to make me the consolation stakes, for it was Nan that he wanted to marry all the way through."

"Well, I shall be glad to see you all married," said Tom. "I've had enough bother with you."

"You look quite worn out," his eldest sister remarked.

"At least," he said, sitting down in an easy-chair and stretching out his legs—"at least I have gained some wisdom. I see the puzzlement you girls are in, who haven't got to earn your own living. You don't know what on earth to do with yourselves. You read Ruskin, and think you should be earnest; but you don't know what to be earnest about. Then you take to improving your mind, and cram your head full of earth currents, and equinoxes, and eclipses of the moon. But what does it all come to? You can't do anything with it. Even if you could come and tell me that a lime-burner in Jupiter has thrown his wig into the fire, and so altered the spectrum, what's that to me? Then you have a go at philanthropy—that's more practical; Sunday-school teaching, mending children's clothes, doing for other people what they ought to do for themselves, and generally cultivating pauperism. Then, lo and behold! in the middle of all this there comes by a good-looking young fellow, and, phew! all your grand ideas are off like smoke, and it's all 'dear Jack!' and 'dear Alfred!' and 'I'll go to the ends of the earth with my sodger laddie!' Oh, I know what life is. I see you girls begin with all your fine ideas, and reading up, and earnestness—"

"I suppose, then, there is no such thing as the formation of character?" said his eldest sister, calmly.

"The formation of character!" exclaimed Mr. Tom. "Out of books? Why, the only one among you who has any character worth mentioning is Nan. Do you think she got it out of books? No, she didn't. She got it—she got it"—here Mr. Tom paused for a second, but only to make a wilder dash—"out of the sunlight! There's a grand poetical idea for you! Nan has been more in the open than any of you, and the sunlight has filled her brain, and her mind, and her disposition altogether."

"I presume that also accounts for the redness of her hair?" said Mrs. Rupert.

Tom rose to his feet. There was an air of resignation on his face as he left the room. He said, half to himself,

"Well, nature was right in making me a man. I couldn't have mustered up half enough spite to make a passable woman."

Now the end of the Madge and Jack episode was in this wise: On the second application the Vice-Chancellor flatly refused to release the young man from prison. His gross offense had not yet been purged. It was quite true, his lordship admitted, that the young lady and the guardians and relatives on both sides were also sharing in this punishment, and it was unfortunate. Moreover, arrangements had now been made which seemed to render the marriage a perfectly eligible one, if only it had been properly brought about. Nevertheless, the Court could not overlook the young man's conduct; in prison he was, and in prison he must remain.

More tears on the part of Madge. More advice from Mr. Tom that she should go and plead with the Vice-Chancellor herself; he was sure her pretty, weeping eyes would soften the flintiest heart. Correspondence addressed by Captain Frank King to Admiral Sir George Stratherne, K.C.B., containing suggestions not in consonance with the lofty integrity of British courts of law.

Then, at last, the Vice-Chancellor relented. Mr. Hanbury had given an undertaking to execute any settlement the Court might think fit with regard to the young lady's property. Then he must pay all costs of the proceedings, likewise the guardians' costs. This being so, his lordship was disposed to take a merciful view of the case, and would make an order discharging the young man from prison.

"Oh, Jack!" poor Madge exclaimed, when he was restored to her, "shall I ever forget what you have suffered for my sake?"

Jack looked rather foolish among all these people; but at last he plucked up courage, and went and made a straightforward apology to Lady Beresford, and said he hoped this piece of folly would soon be forgotten, and that Madge would be happy after all. The sisters were disposed to pet him. Tom tolerated him a little. Then there was a general bustle, for they were all (including Frank King) going down again to Brighton; and they made a large party.

How clear the air and the sunlight were after the close atmosphere of London! The shining sea—the fresh breeze blowing in—the busy brightness and cheerfulness of the King's Road—it all seemed new and delightful again! And, of course, amidst the general clamor and commotion of getting into the house, who was to take much notice of Nan, or watch her self-conscious shyness, or regard the manner in which she received Frank King after his absence? You see, Nan was always wanted to do things, or fetch things, or send for things. "She's a housekeeperish kind of young party," Tom used to say of her, when he had coolly sent her to look out his shooting boots.

The spring-time was come: not only was the sunshine clearer, and the wind from the sea softer and fresher, but human nature, also, grew conscious of vague anticipations and an indefinable delight. Flowers from the sheltered valleys behind the downs began to appear in the streets. The year was opening; soon the colors of the summer would be shining over the land.

"Nan-nie," said Frank King to her who was on most occasions now his only and dear companion, as they were walking along one of the country ways, "don't you think June is a good month to get married in?"

"Frank, dear," she said, "I haven't had much experience."

"Now look here, Nan," he said—the others were a long way ahead, and he could scold her as he liked—"you may have some strong points—wisdom, perhaps—and a capacity for extracting money out of people for life-boats—and a knack of boxing the ears of small boys whom you find shying stones at sparrows—I say you may have your strong points; but flippancy isn't one of them. And this is a very serious matter."

"I know it is," said Nan, demurely. "And far more serious than you imagine. For, do you know, Frank, that the moment I get married I shall cease to be responsible for the direction of my own life altogether. You alone will be responsible. Whatever you say I should do, I will do; what you say I must think, or believe, or try for, that will be my guide. Don't you know that I have been trying all my life to get rid of the responsibility of deciding for myself? I nearly ended—like such a lot of people!—in 'going over to the Church.' Oh, Frank," she said, "I think if it hadn't been for you I should have married a clergyman, and been good."

She laughed a little soft, low laugh, and continued:

"No, I think that never could have happened. But I should have done something—gone into one of those visiting sisterhoods, or got trained as a nurse—you don't know what a good hospital nurse you spoiled in me. However, now that is not my business. Undine got a soul when she married; I give up mine. I shall efface myself. It's you who have to tell me what to think, and believe, and try to do."

"Very well," said he. "I shall begin by advising you to give up cultivating the acquaintance of tinkers and gypsies; and first of all to resolve not to speak again to Singing Sal."

"Oh, but that's foolish—that is unnecessary!" she said, promptly; and he burst out laughing.

"Here we are at the outset!" he said. "But don't you think, Nan-nie, you might let things go on as they are? You haven't done so badly, after all. Do you know that people don't altogether detest you? Some of them would even say that you made the world a little brighter and pleasanter for those around you; and that is always something."

"But it's so little," said Nan. "And—and I had thought of—of I don't know what, I believe—in that cathedral at Lucerne—and now I am going to do just like everybody else. It's rather sneaky."

"What is?" he asked. "To be a good woman?"

"Oh, you are not philosophical," she said. "And me—me too. My brain, what there was of it, is clean gone; my heart has got complete mastery. It is really ludicrous that my highest ambition, and my highest delight, should be to be able to say, 'I love you,' and to go on saying it any number of times. But then, dear Frank, when all this nonsense is over between us, then we will set to work and try and do some good. There must be something for us to do in the world."

"Oh yes, no doubt," he said; "and do you know when I think this nonsense will be over between you and me, Nan?—when you and I are lying dead together in Kingscourt church-yard."

She touched his hand with her hand—for a moment.

"And perhaps not even then, Frank."

Well, it was a double wedding, after all; and Mr. Roberts was determined that it should be memorable in Brighton, if music, and flowers, and public charities would serve. Then Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hanbury were to come along from Southampton; and Mr. Jacomb had, in the most frank and manly fashion, himself asked permission to assist at the marriage ceremony. There were, of course, many presents, two of which were especially grateful to Nan. The first was a dragon-fly in rubies and diamonds, the box inclosing which was wrapped round by a sheet of note-paper really belonging to her Majesty and hailing from Whitehall. These were the words scrawled on the sheet of paper:

"*This is for the wedding of the* Beautiful Wretch, *who has now completed the list of her atrocities by jilting her oldest sweetheart.—G. S.*"

The second present that was particularly prized by Nan carries us on to the wedding-day. It was one of the clearest of clear June days, a fresh southerly wind tempering the heat; there was scarcely a cloud in the blue. How these rumors got about it is impossible to say, but a great many people seemed to have discovered that there was to be a double wedding; and there was an unusual crowd about the entrance to the church and along both sides of the roofed portico. Among these people was one who attracted a little mild, polite curiosity. She was a country-looking, fresh-complexioned young woman, who was smartly dressed and trim as to ribbons and such things; and she held in her hand a basket of fairly good size and of fancy wicker-work. And this basket, those nearest her could see, held nothing else than a mass of wild-roses, all with the thorns carefully removed from the stems, and set in a bed of moss and sweet-brier leaves. It was such a bouquet, surely, as had never been presented to a bride before—if, indeed, it was intended for the bride.

That was soon to be seen. The great organ was still pealing out Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" (Mr. Tom had offered to give £10 to the poor-box of the choir if the choristers would play instead the Swedish "Bring home the bride so fair!"—forgetting that there were two brides, and that Edith was dark) when the first of the bridal procession came along, Edith and her husband and her bridemaids. Then came Nan. As she was passing, the fresh-colored wench timidly stepped forward and offered her the basket of wild roses. Nan stopped, glanced at her, and recognized her; and then, to the wonder of the crowd, they saw the young bride take the basket with her trembling, white-gloved fingers, while the other hand was boldly put forward to shake hands with the country lass. Singing Sal was greatly taken aback; but she took Nan's hand for the briefest second, and managed to say something quite incoherent about "long life and happiness, miss—I beg your pardon, miss—ma'am;" and then the gleaming procession passed on.

Nan was very proud of that basket of wild flowers. She would not part with it. She had it placed before her on the table when all the people had assembled and sat down. And perhaps there was one there who, looking alternately at the bright-eyed bride who sat beside him, and at that basket of wild roses, red and white and pink, and whitish-red and whitish-pink, may have said to himself that there was no red one there half so red as her lips, and no white one half so white as her clear and shining soul.

THE END.

BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY.

While Italy was merely a geographical term, brigandage was a liberal profession basking in the sunshine of royalty. It was a recognized institution in the domains of his Holiness the Pope and of his sulphurous Majesty the King of Naples. Our friend Fra Diavolo—he was an observantin friar named Michael Pezza—was made Colonel, and decorated with the order of St. Ferdinand. Mammone, who had killed with his own hand four hundred persons, was addressed by Queen Caroline as "My dear General." Their fame is rivalled by a pontifical hero who died a few years ago, the terrible Antonio Gasparone. This ruffian was born in 1793; and committed a murder when he was in his fourteenth year. In 1823, after the execution of Massaroni, he called himself King of the Abruzzi and the Lepini. This great man had a private secretary, who compiled his biography. In this very curious book he describes the conditions necessary for admission to a band, the first being murder, and concludes with details of the dress befitting a respectable brigand. "A high conical hat bound with ribbons of many colors; the vest, coat, and pantaloons blue velvet, five rows of silver buttons on the vest. The hair was long, like a woman's; and," continues the enthusiastic secretary, "these beardless brigands with their long and curly locks presented countenances more charming than that of a pretty girl. The arms were a short musket inlaid with silver, a long double-edged poniard. The cartridges are carried in a girdle clasped in front by a plate chased with figures of the Virgin, of souls in purgatory, and other *agréments*." In 1825 a new Pope ascended the seat of St. Peter, and Gasparone was induced to surrender himself. From that day till the 30th of June, 1871, the King of the Abruzzi was a close prisoner. At twenty-one he was described as well made, with brown hair and beard, an energetic look, prodigal, debauched, and bloody. On his release his long beard was snowy white, his eye hard, but his vigor unbroken. The old ruffian wandered about Rome for some days, the object of general curiosity, wondering at everything in the world which he had not seen for half a century. He was taken to see the railroad. He saw the cars running, and exclaimed: "It is all up with our old trade now. There is no chance to-day for a good honest brigand."

Sicily has partaken in a very much less degree than the Continent of the benefits of modern discoveries. The modern brigands are no longer theatrical; they wear broad-cloth coats, have excellent field-glasses, and are armed with the latest species of revolver. They act, however, in the same old style. About two years ago, the Rev. Mr. Rose was captured in Sicily by the band commanded by a chief named Esposito. A letter was written to Mrs. Rose, demanding 125,000 francs ransom. She refused to pay. The chief's reply was a letter inclosing the right ear of the luckless parson, and intimating that he would remit her husband in installments. The ransom was sent, the Italian gens-d'armes made a raid on the fortress of the brigands. Many were slain; but Esposito escaped, it was said to America. While we are writing, an Italian who has been vending pea-nuts and bananas in New Orleans is in arrest on suspicion of being the terrible bandit.

Women have often played an important part in the world of brigands. Cedrone's mistress wore male attire, marched at the head of his band, tortured the prisoners, and swore that if her lover ever attempted to abandon his career, she would cut him into little pieces, and send him in a sack to the police office. In 1867, Elisa Garofolo was arrested. She was twenty-two years old, very pretty, of ordinary height, slender figure, chestnut hair, blue-gray eyes. She styled herself Queen of the Mountains. She always dressed like a man, with revolvers in her belt, and a double-barrelled gun on her shoulder. She possessed all the fiendish ingenuity of a squaw in torturing the prisoners. The presence of women leads sometimes to strange incidents. An old priest and a country girl were driving from Veroli to Frosinone to take the railroad cars to Rome. Three brigands started up in their path.

"The Madonna has sent you," they cried. "Do not be afraid; follow us."

After an hour's walk they came to a grotto, near which stood thirty armed men. The chief arose.

"My father," he said, "I am delighted to see you. My wife has just given me a baby. I wish it to be a Christian: baptize it."

The priest complied; the country girl was the godmother, the chief's lieutenant the godfather. When the ceremony was over, he handed to the priest a purse containing six piastres, and to the girl a paper containing *a pair of ears with gold ear-rings* in them.

THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM.—Drawn by W

William A. Rogers.—[See Page 508.]

"WHY SHOULD THEY KILL MY BABY?"

[The aged mother of the President is reported to have exclaimed as above upon hearing the news of his attempted assassination.]

WHY should they kill my baby?—for he seems the same to me
As when, in the morning twilight, I tossed him on my knee,
And sowed for him hopes to blossom when he should become a man,
And dreamed for him such a future as only a mother can.

I looked ahead to the noon-time with proud but trembling joy;
I had a vision of splendor for my sweet bright-eyed boy;
But little enough I fancied that when he had gained renown,
Base Envy's poisoned bullet would suddenly strike him down.

Why should they want to kill him? Because he had cut his way
Through Poverty's gloomy woodland out into the open day,
And sent a shout of good cheer to those who were yet within,
That Honor is born of striving, and Honesty yet can win?

Or was it because from boyhood he manfully bared his breast
To fight for the poor and lowly, and aid the sore oppressed?
Ah me! the world is working upon a treacherous plan,
When he who has struck for mankind is stricken down by man!

Or did they begrudge his mother the hand he reached her still,
No odds how high he clambered up Fortune's glittering hill?
For in his proudest life-day he turned from the honors of earth,
And came and tenderly kissed me—the mother who gave him birth.

Shame to the wretch that struck him, and grieves that it did not kill!
And pity for his poor mother, if she be living still.
May God in mercy aid him his black crime to atone,
And help me to forgive him—I can not do it alone!

WILL CARLETON.

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CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

FOR MY SON'S SAKE.

THANKFUL as a gardener is at the prospect of a noble crop, he is anxious, also, that it should not fail through failure of his grumbling. Right well he knows, through vast experience, what blows descend from heaven upon his first indulgence in a vaunt; and grateful as he is beyond mankind, he humbly secretes his gratitude. "What a lot of thinning there will be to do! We shall never get through it," cried Mr. Arthur.

"Won't we, though? I can do a score of trees before breakfast any fine morning," his daughter answered, as she overtook him; "and even you acknowledge that I understand that work. We ought to be only too glad to have to do it. But it goes to my heart, at every tap, to see the little darlings hopping on the ground. Now shall I go on to Jezreel, or begin it?"

"I will not have my little nook called 'Naboth's Vineyard.' The confusion of ideas is too feminine. Am I, the owner, envious of my own ownership, because I shut out clumsy people? The only analogy that can be imagined would set you down first as an Ahab."

"Very well, dear, if that will please you better, it shall be Solomon's Vineyard, such as he describes, I believe, somewhere. And I will be the Queen of Sheba, come to see it. Only you must have the manners, in that case, to provide me with at least a sound flower-pot to sit upon, instead of one of your breakdowns. And none of your sound ones have got anything to sit upon. Oh, papa, you are so clever, do invent something that is not all holes."

"The special virtue of my pots is this" (Mr. Arthur stopped short, when he began upon that, although in a great hurry to get on), "that they are all holes, or at any rate contrived so that you can tell at a glance what is going on inside. There is a very clever Frenchman, of the name of Beaumont, who has found a man endowed with a window in his digestive organs, by means of a bullet or a grape-shot. He is thus enabled to ascertain— But never mind, my dear, you are too young, as yet, for inquiries of pure science. And I would not have hinted at the—well, I may call it the troublesome part of the human system—except to elucidate my theory of pots. There are three essential qualities in a flower-pot, to begin with; and there are fifteen of less, but still important, consideration—"

"Her be coming, her be coming, at a rattle," Moggy, the maid, came hotly shouting. "Shall us let 'un in, or shall us shut 'un out?"

"Who is it that causes you so much excitement, Moggy?" her master asked, with some little vexation, for he was just warming up to his subject, with the pleasure of the vines in prospect. "I have no time to see any one."

"Her ladyship, Lady Tichwudd; I knowed that bragian boy in front, as looketh doon on his own veyther and moother. No room for he in my kitchen. I was vorced to box the ears of 'un last time."

"Do it again, if needful, Moggy. We will go and meet Lady Touchwood at the gate. Her carriage can not cross the stream. Come, Rose, and thank her for her kindness to you yesterday."

"Keep the horses exercised for one hour, and then be here again, to see if I am ready." Mr. Arthur and his daughter heard the order given, as they came back reluctantly to the draw-bridge, and beheld their visitor, with the page behind her, crossing the space between the river and the lane. "Ah, how pleased I am to see you!" she exclaimed, as the Captain lowered his plank, and politely led her across it. "I scarcely expected such good luck. And darling Rose, how well you look! It was very dull yesterday for you, I fear. But you would run away so. There was to have been a little dance, if the weather had only been propitious—what my son Richard will call a 'hop'; and then perhaps somebody would not have run away so, or at any rate would not have been allowed the chance. I know one who would have pleaded very hard; he generally manages to get his own way. How ingenious it was about all those fish! I never saw so many, and how fresh they were! And how wonderfully you did cook them, dear! Canon Botrys made a splendid joke, so Mrs. Botrys herself told Julia, who, between you and me, Captain, is a trifle jealous. The Canon said, 'That young lady dresses fish almost as well as she dresses herself.' Not so very bad for a dignitary of the Church. And he stuck to his plate till he got wet through. And then Julia, who understands all the foreign tongues, said, 'Give him some Extra Sec to dry him.' Upon the whole, it was very pleasant, except for that abominable rain. But I never heard how you got home, my dear. You must not think it remiss on my part. All was such desperate confusion in the storm."

"Oh, I got home beautifully, Lady Touchwood. Colonel Westcombe brought Miss Perperaps to her own house, and then he brought me to my father's gate."

"Oh, indeed! What a gallant old officer! It seems to me that Colonel Westcombe does almost everything. And I suppose his son was with him too. A very polite young man, I believe, though with very little to say for himself."

"We did not want him to talk," Rose answered, with a little flush of anger on her cheeks; "what we wanted, or at least what he wanted, was to bring us safely through the dark stormy night, and the dangerous roads, which he ventured on for our sake. And he did it, though he must have been half blinded by the rain. Very few people could have done it, I am sure."

"My son is a noble whip, and he faces any weather. But I made him come inside; for he is not of coarse fibre. And even so, I fear that he has taken a sad cold. Ever since that sad calamity on your premises he has caused me great uneasiness. Perhaps no other young man in the world could have survived it. But he is of such elastic tissue, and unusual harmony of juncture—as an eminent medical authority pronounced, before he was breeched (I beg your pardon for the word)—that he seems to rise superior to all trials."

"Let us hope, then," said Mr. Arthur, very kindly, "that he will soon throw off his cold. Shall we go into my little sitting-room, which cherishes a memory of pipes, I fear? Or would you like to rest a little in my summer plant-house, which is thrown open now, and has no sun upon it?"

"No, if I may choose, I would rather be in-doors. Under glass, I should have an expectation, every moment, of my son coming tumbling in upon me. And I do not object to the smell of tobacco. Sir Joseph, in his few angel visits to the Park, calls for his pipe immediately. And my beloved son tries very hard to do it. Such ideas consecrate a smell, however nasty."

"You prove again the well-known truth of the unselfishness of ladies," Mr. Arthur answered, with a smile more genial than any he had yet vouchsafed her. For nothing but the stiffness of his manner and the fence of distant courtesy had kept this lady from breaking into the coveted circle of his own affairs, while, according to the laws of nature, she held him in tenfold esteem, and viewed him with a hundredfold of interest, because she could not get at him. "But my Rosie sees that this room is well aired, and the door into the greenhouse keeps it fresh."

"I call it charming—a lovely little room," Lady Touchwood declared, as she tied her parasol up; "and the flowers that come tapping, tapping, as somebody, perhaps Lord Byron, says. Julia loves him, but my son Richard, who has Grecian features, and should be a judge, pronounces his morality imperfect. However, I never read such subjects. What's the use of rhyme? We don't talk in rhyme; and it must take a dreadful lot of time to make it. Oh, I should so like to take that moss-rose to my son! May I ask your daughter to go and cut it for me? We can't grow moss-roses at Touchwood Park."

While Rose ran away on this little errand, the visitor told Mr. Arthur briefly that she was come to speak about his dear child, and could not do it in her presence. So another commission was found for Rose, and she went about it gladly.

"You have thought it very strange of me to come so early," the visitor resumed, when the coast was clear, "but oh, Captain Arthur, you can make allowance for the deep anxieties of a mother. Tired as I was, after all the fag of yesterday—for, in simple truth, those parties are a dreadful plague—not a wink of sleep could I get last night with perpetual worry about my darling boy. He never used to know his own mind at all, and that was so delightful of him. But now I fear that his heart is fixed irretrievably, irre—something (I never can remember those big words), something like bad play at whist."

"Irrevocably, perhaps?" asked the Captain, with a bow. "But, excuse me; perhaps that is not the word."

"That is the word to a nicety, and I suppose there is no English for it. Irrevocably fixed his poor young heart is upon your very charming daughter. Now don't say a word until I have finished, and then we shall understand each other. I could have wished it otherwise, as I need hardly say; although I confess it would be difficult to find a nicer, a more charming, a more lady-like young lady. Her behavior yesterday was simply perfect; for she scarcely said anything, and all she did was useful. Many of the very highest people were quite captivated with her. What a sweet, pretty thing she had got on! I am sure it must have been made in Paris. My daughter Julia was quite put out; and it pleased me to see how well she bore it."

"Excuse my saying that Miss Touchwood, in her style, is above all possibility of rivalry." Mr. Arthur felt that politeness called for this, after all those gratifying praises of his daughter.

"No doubt that was her own opinion. Julia never underrates herself, as my son Richard always does. People make a great mistake on that account. They positively think that my son Richard is below the average of intellect. Because he is modest, and conceals his gifts, he is supposed not to have them. But how could he conceal them, if he had not got them? Now that is sound reasoning, as you must perceive. Even Mr. Short, with all his chatter about logic, could never get out of such an argument as that. Yet people keep on saying that we ladies can not argue!"

"There can be no greater mistake," replied the Captain. "It should rather be said that ladies can argue always."

"I am so glad that you agree with me, because it saves so much reasoning; and excitement does not suit me now. I consider you infinitely superior, in the style of your mind, to Mr. Short, who has the nastiest way of putting things. And I have always found the military far more reasonable than the clericals. Now you have been an officer, haven't you, Captain?"

"Well," said Mr. Arthur, for the turn was sudden, even for a lady, "the opinion of the ladies always justifies itself, and they seem to have commissioned me."

"It is not curiosity that makes me ask, nor any inferior sentiment, but a lofty sense of duty only. The daughter of an officer, whether he has fought for his country, or whether he has been more lucky, stands upon a social level which—which is very excusable for any rank to fall in love with her. But, Captain Arthur, if this is to go on, you would, I trust, leave off gardening. It is a very amiable peculiarity, especially if you lose money by it, which elevates it above trade, and makes it quite respectable. You must not feel hurt at my expressions, but to have your name upon a basket—what would the County families say?"

"I have not considered the subject yet from that point of view, which is a new one to me. But would the County families pay for all I should lose in wicker-work?"

"I fear not; for they are dreadful screws. They sell their grapes and pine-apples, but they object to the appearance of their names. However, you might have a private mark—a star, or a lion, or your family crest; so we might get over that objection. But you must come out of your retirement, Captain Arthur; your seclusion I might even call it. You must resume your rank, and visit people."

"Lady Touchwood, you mean well and kindly. And I am bound to hear what you have to say, not only with courtesy due to a lady, but also with some gratitude. For you have not touched on one point which would have been the foremost with many ladies placed as you are. You have not spoken of my poverty. Of that I am not ashamed—for no one need be—still it is kind of you not to refer to the difference in worldly goods between us; and for that I respect and like you. And that makes it far more difficult for me to say what I must say before we understand each other."

"If it is anything about—about any misunderstanding between you and the law, surely we can get it put to rights. Sir Joseph has such influence in the very highest quarters."

"No, there is nothing of that kind," he replied, with a smile that was perfectly convincing; "I have never done anything felonious. My seclusion is of my own seeking. What I have to say is about your son, who is a most amiable and lively youth. He brought a new spirit into our dull round, and we all missed him greatly when he left us. But if there were no other obstacles, although, as you clearly see, there are plenty, there is a fatal one at the outset. The character of your son is not formed yet. He is volatile, versatile, clever in his way, but a perfect boy at present."

"That is exactly what his father says," Lady Touchwood answered, with unwonted self-control; "but youth is a fault that will right itself. You will not condemn him on that account."

"It is a fault that should right itself before marriage, and even before an engagement is formed," Mr. Arthur said, decisively; "unless the lady is of strong commanding spirit, and can shape her lord. My little Rosie is gentle, sensitive, warm-hearted, loving, and impetuous sometimes, but never inclined to be imperative. She is wholly unsuitable for your son."

"Then am I to understand, Mr. Arthur, that you decline to have anything to do with my Dicky?"

"By no means. I am always glad to see him; and indeed I have a hunt in view for him. But concerning of my daughter, as the people say here, it is not to be thought of; and I can trust her."

Lady Touchwood looked at him with anger in her eyes, and the vertical lines of temper on her forehead deepening into a puzzle of dismay. She wanted to say the rudest thing that she could think of, and cast about for it, and would have found it, if the eyes of her antagonist had either flashed or wavered. But the Captain regarded her, from his superior height, with a gaze of good-will, not only philosophical, but of the very finest breeding. "He must be somebody. Perhaps he is a lord! He would jump at Dicky, unless he was a lord," were the ponderings of her mind, which made her humble.

"I am sure, Captain Arthur, that you mean it for the best." She relapsed from the baffled issue of great wrath into the commonplace, as hot people do. "You are the best judge upon such matters. You have seen a vast deal of the world, that is certain, from the common-sense of what you say. Nobody gets common-sense without it. I am disappointed. I can say no more. My son is an exceedingly interesting young man, and hitherto nobody has been able to resist him. He is so much accustomed to have his own way, this will be a bitter blow to him."

"And it will do him good, a weight of good, a world of good. You will have cause to be glad of this little check to his rapidity. Ladies have such sympathy with love affairs that they scarcely ask how they will react upon themselves. If your son were engaged before he is a man, what peace would you ever have with him? Every day he would vow to be married to-morrow."

"That is true enough," said Lady Touchwood. "How you have understood his brave nature!"

"Then, if you let him marry, what would come of it? His bride would be everything, while she was a bride, and he would even be rude to his dear mother. Let him wait ten years, Lady Touchwood; and he will be a man by that time, or at any rate he ought to be."

"Your advice is excellent," the lady answered, for some of her tenderest feelings had been touched. "Dicky is already very difficult to manage. And if he had a wife to encourage him, my condition would be dreadful, as you say. I quite agree with

you, that he should wait for many years. But I have such a dread of his being entangled by some objectionable person; and he turns up his nose against girls with money. There is a most charming girl, Chrysolite Moneywig—not half so nice as your daughter, I admit, because she is captious, and conceited, and a prig, and thinks too much of literature, and she dresses according to the poets always, which is the most absurd thing—with a hundred thousand pounds. However, I could keep her down, no doubt; because she must be a foolish thing. But Dicky is afraid of her; and she won't have him, unless he should happen to be senior wrangler. And he doesn't seem to care to be that sort of thing."

"Never mind; let him act according to his lights," Mr. Arthur answered, with a cheerful smile. "You are happy in having a son, Lady Touchwood, who is healthy, active, and easily pleased, and as frank as the day about everything. Such natures are happiest in the long-run, for they seldom fall into great depth of trouble. He will soon get over this, and be as bright as ever."

"But will you break it to him? He has been so plaguesome. Yesterday something made him frightfully jealous. And you have more influence with him than any one. He always speaks of you so highly."

"Certainly I will, if you wish me to do so. I will be gentle with him, as I need not tell you. And it is better to act at once decisively."

With this understanding, Lady Touchwood left, feeling more good-will toward Mr. Arthur than could have been expected in so delicate a case.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EXHIBITION AT MILAN.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

MILAN, *June* 27, 1881.

NOT only the Italians themselves, but the majority of intelligent foreigners in Lombardy, have come to regard the Exhibition at present in progress in Milan less as an ordinary show than as a splendid evidence of the progress that Italy is making as a nation since her political troubles were brought to an end by the genius of Cavour and the energy of Victor Emanuel. Though nominally second, this is virtually the first Exhibition in which a fair exposition has been made of the position of the country in art and industry since her happy unification. Initiated toward the end of 1879 by the Milan Chamber of Commerce, the idea of a National Exhibition to be held at this time developed until it took shape in the present magnificent arrangements. The whole history of its growth is a signal instance of what can be accomplished by private enterprise and experience. The first step taken by the Chamber was the appointment of a committee, which immediately began to issue a stirring appeal for subscriptions. These came in rapidly, and soon reached the sum of $160,000. Later on, the government granted a subsidy of $100,000, and the committee was thus able to carry out the project which had been so rapidly conceived without any vexatious delay from want of funds.

The site so happily chosen for the building was the Public Gardens, not more than five minutes' drive from the Duomo and the Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele, and almost adjoining the railway station. The buildings themselves cover a total area of nearly 500,000 square meters, and the entire space devoted to the Exhibition, including the open courts, is no less than 200,000 meters. The principal façade, which is semicircular, is in the Renaissance style, is surmounted by a symbolical group from the studio of Signor Bisi, and is decorated by a series of allegorical figures.

The Exhibition was opened on May 5 amid a scene of splendid rejoicing. The streets of Milan were gay with national flags displayed from all the houses, and the balconies were filled with enthusiastic citizens waiting to see the procession. The crowd in the streets was so dense that it finally became necessary to change the route. A tremendous feature of the opening was the illumination of the city. It was designed and arranged by Cavaliere Ottino, who illuminated Rome in 1871 on the occasion of the state visit of Victor Emanuel. The lighting up of Milan was produced by nearly 200,000 gas and other flames. The Piazza del Duomo was most beautiful—a garden of light; in the centre, where the band played, was a palm-tree surrounded with weeping-willows formed by gas jets. Before the Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele was a great façade in colored glass, with a wonderful garland of flowers, all of light. The ancient and stately cathedral, with its population of marble statues, was illuminated by four rays of electric light proceeding from the two southern and northern corners of the piazza, from the archbishop's palace, and from a house to the left in Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. The beautiful drive on the old Bastion, with its five rows of trees, uniting Porta Venezia and Porta Nuova, was changed into an arched gallery formed of colored lamps. The monument of Cavour, in the piazza named after him, was festooned with flowers of light, and the names of Rome, Naples, Venice, Palermo, and other cities illuminated as if to salute his memory.

On entering the Exhibition the visitor passes at once into a handsome court, where are displayed tissues of every kind. On each side of this are lofty aisles, while at the further end is a sort of winter garden ornamented in the Pompeiian style, and in whose centre plays a fountain which discharges its waters into a basin of amethyst blue, and opening on to the magnificent and well-shaded Passeggiata di Venezia. To the right of the gallery are situated the huge naves and transepts in which are the powerful engines that provide the motive power for the machinery at work in the Exhibition, and between them is the picture-gallery full of works of art sent from all the professional schools of the kingdom. To the left of the principal front there is a short passage leading into a spacious hexagon, which is connected by glazed corridors with the royal villa and its beautiful garden, which has been placed at the disposal of the Exhibition Committee by the King. The hexagon itself, in which is displayed all the wealth of Italian ceramic art, together with a precious collection of glass, jewelry, and artistic bronze-work, opens on to the garden, among the trees and shrubs of which rise numerous kiosks and cottages, giving examples of various styles of national architecture; Swiss, Russian, Greek, and Oriental are all represented, and each building serves for the exhibition of some specialty. Especially interesting is the one occupied by the Italian Alpine Club, while the ordinary visitor is not less attracted by those devoted to the sale of beer, lemonade, ices, and other refreshments.

One of the great attractions of the Exhibition is the Gallery of Work, which is situated next to that in which the working machinery is located. Many of the leading industries of Italy are there represented, but no part of the gallery is more crowded than that in which the process of silk manufacture is shown in all its stages, from the preservation of the "grain," or egg, to the weaving of the silk. Connected with this department may be mentioned the name of Signor Guido Susani. The apparatus set up by him, especially that connected with the preservation of the egg during the autumn and winter, has attracted many breeders of silk-worms, who are much struck with the ingenuity displayed. Passing on, we come to the space in which Messrs. Bohringer, Mylino, & Co. exhibit their apparatus for the concentration of milk and for cheese-making on a large scale. The machinery used in all the different operations is constantly at work, and the numerous spectators have the opportunity of comparing the condensed milk, as prepared for export, with that fresh from the cow, and the general verdict is that it loses none of its agreeable qualities in the process. The various stages of chocolate manufacture are shown. There is also a stall where the Tobacco Company exhibit the making of cigars and cigarettes. Many visitors also find their way to the temporary mint, also in this gallery, where commemorative medals of the Exhibition are struck off and sold in large numbers.

Any one who studies the various specimens of raw material sent from the mines worked in different parts of the peninsula can not but be struck with the wonderful wealth that Italy keeps buried beneath the surface of her fertile soil. The most important of such products are iron, sulphur, copper, and marble. One of the most conspicuous objects here is an immense block of marble, weighing fifteen tons, which comes from Saragozza. A specialty of Italy is her peat and fossilized wood, of which blocks of eighteen tons have been brought from the centre of Romagna. Several English companies are working Italian mines. One is working the sulphur mines at Cesena; another company is working at Turin; a third exhibits gold ore. The only tin mines in Italy are in the province of Pisa, and belong to an English company. In all the other mines, however, which are numerous, the work is entirely Italian; and one has only to study the numerous machines, both industrial and agricultural, and the great engines which have been manufactured in Milan, Genoa, Turin, Bologna, and Naples, to see how thoroughly the art of working in metal is understood.

The committee has exhibited a praiseworthy liberality in the space it has devoted to the fine arts. In the beginning, a sum amounting to about $8000 was given for the support of this department of the Exhibition, and the committee also obtained from the government a loan of the Palazzo del Senato, in which may be seen 2000 works of art, pictures, statues, and drawings selected from among the number sent in. These are arranged in two main halls—a succession of apartments on each side—and two long galleries, called porticoes. The merit of the sculptures is far beyond that of the paintings. The first are almost entirely of Milanese origin, and show the utmost skill in execution and finish. Effects are produced in marble that might well be considered impossible if they were not here displayed. There is a group of a mother and child, the former about to plunge the infant in his bath, where the sponge floats within the basin of water with a realistic effect that is simply amazing.

Considerable fault has been found with these sculptures from the very fact that their remarkable execution seems to outweigh their sentiment and expression. The impression produced is rather wonder that such effects can be produced in marble than any feeling of admiration or lofty emotion. There are, however, some exquisite bits of carving, the most pleasing, perhaps, being the statues of children, the little folks and their frocks and ribbons affording an admirable opportunity for the display of the technical skill so earnestly sought after by these Milanese sculptors. There is a colossal bronze statue of Napoleon III. in the centre of the main hall, which has been greatly praised by critics. Among the pictures the greatest success has been made in genre art, and there are also some fine Venetian interiors. A good many fine portraits are displayed, one of Queen Margherita, painted upon glass by Moretti, being an exquisite work of art. In addition to its main work on the central Exhibition, the Executive Committee has also, by the appointment of various sub-committees, provided for the opening of several subsidiary exhibitions of a more technical character. Among these the first place is perhaps due to the horticultural exhibition, which has been established inside the inclosure, and which, besides a rich display of fruits and flowers, contains a useful collection of agricultural tools and appliances. Then there is the international musical exhibition, in the Conservatoire, where the visitor will find a valuable collection of ancient and modern musical instruments, as well as celebrated scores and other interesting manuscripts. In addition to these are a meteorological and a zootechnical exhibition, and departments devoted to chess, gymnastics, fencing, and other games and sports.

In connection with the Exhibition there have been two opera seasons arranged at La Scala, the principal theatre of Milan, one in the spring and the other in the autumn. The Arena, a huge stone building, equalling in size the old Roman circuses, and in which 30,000 spectators can be seated, has been converted into a sort of theatre and fair, with pantomime, ballet, and other popular amusements. All are lighted up by the Brush electric light. Among other miscellaneous amusements provided for visitors during the summer may be mentioned a panorama, a circus, and a captive balloon.

The price of everything in the Exhibition is exceedingly moderate. With very little money one can buy a Florentine mosaic which is a perfect imitation of flowers, or a Roman one which resembles an oil-painting, or a Venetian, of which the squares are rather larger. With a few hundred francs one can buy a splendid piece of furniture, of which the inlaid-work resembles sculpture, and the drawing represents the joyous and classic dances of the Loves and the Graces. Foreigners and Italians rival each other in their purchases, and, above all, the English distinguish themselves. For a small sum one may purchase a vase or a cup of exquisite manufacture.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

TUNNEL No. 15 on the main line of the Central Pacific Railroad, near Truckee, is between seventy-five and one hundred feet in length, and the roof was strengthened by a mass of timbers. The engineer of an emigrant train, approaching the tunnel recently at the usual speed, saw, when within a hundred feet of the opening, that the whole interior of the tunnel was ablaze. He and the fireman leaped from the cab, having first shut off steam. The locomotive plunged through the roaring furnace, and then jumped the track, stopping the rest of the train. Four baggage cars were halted in the flames, or so near that they were destroyed by fire. Had the train gone on for a short distance, a car filled with dozing and sleeping passengers might have been stopped in the midst of the flames.

That which has been written concerning the miscreant who shot President Garfield would make a volume of considerable size were it put in book form. A great many persons in different parts of the country have contributed to it. It covers the period from his birth to the moment when he sneaked up behind the President and shot him, and all that he has done since. In this volume of facts there is nothing to warrant the suspicion that the fellow ever had one redeeming trait; and the qualities which have been most conspicuous in him are those which are most despised by all men, whether viewed from the stand-point of Christianity, or of morality simply, or of simple honesty, or of what men call manly honor, or of what criminals call honor among thieves. To this record the father of its subject has contributed in writing, and his brother in interviews with newspaper reporters. It is doubtful whether so much was ever written about any other person without affording room for a suspicion that some one had at some time discovered in him some slight indication of a redeeming quality.

Iroquois had hardly made sure of the blue ribbon on Derby-day, before his owner, Mr. Lorillard, received a cable message from England as follows, "Iropertow." It had been arranged that the first three letters of the successful horses' names should be telegraphed; and those which got places were Iroquois, Peregrine, and Town Moor. The receiver of the message doubtless thought that "Iropertow" was a more euphonic word than "Pertowiro" or "Towperiro" would have been.

Remembering what the city has suffered under the yellow fever scourge, the Memphis Board of Health issued an order, to take effect on July 10, that no boat from down the river carrying articles likely to contain germs of the disease, and no passenger on such boat, be permitted to come to the wharf in that city; and recommending that merchandise of the prohibited class be shipped in sealed barges past that port for ninety days.

An astronomer whose point of observation is in the far Southwest announces that the comet "has tangled its tail around the north star, and moves proudly in a circle." Naturally he will attribute the gradual approach of the comet toward that star to the winding up of the tail.

Astronomers are unable to agree as to whether there is a split in the comet. The fact that no dead-lock has ensued would seem to be a strong point in support of the negative.

A quantity of paper pulp made of sawdust is to be sent from Canada to England, where the question of its value will be determined. The pulp will be made into paper in an English factory, and experiments will be made as to the uses to which it may be put. Capitalists in the lumber regions of the Dominion are awaiting the result with considerable interest.

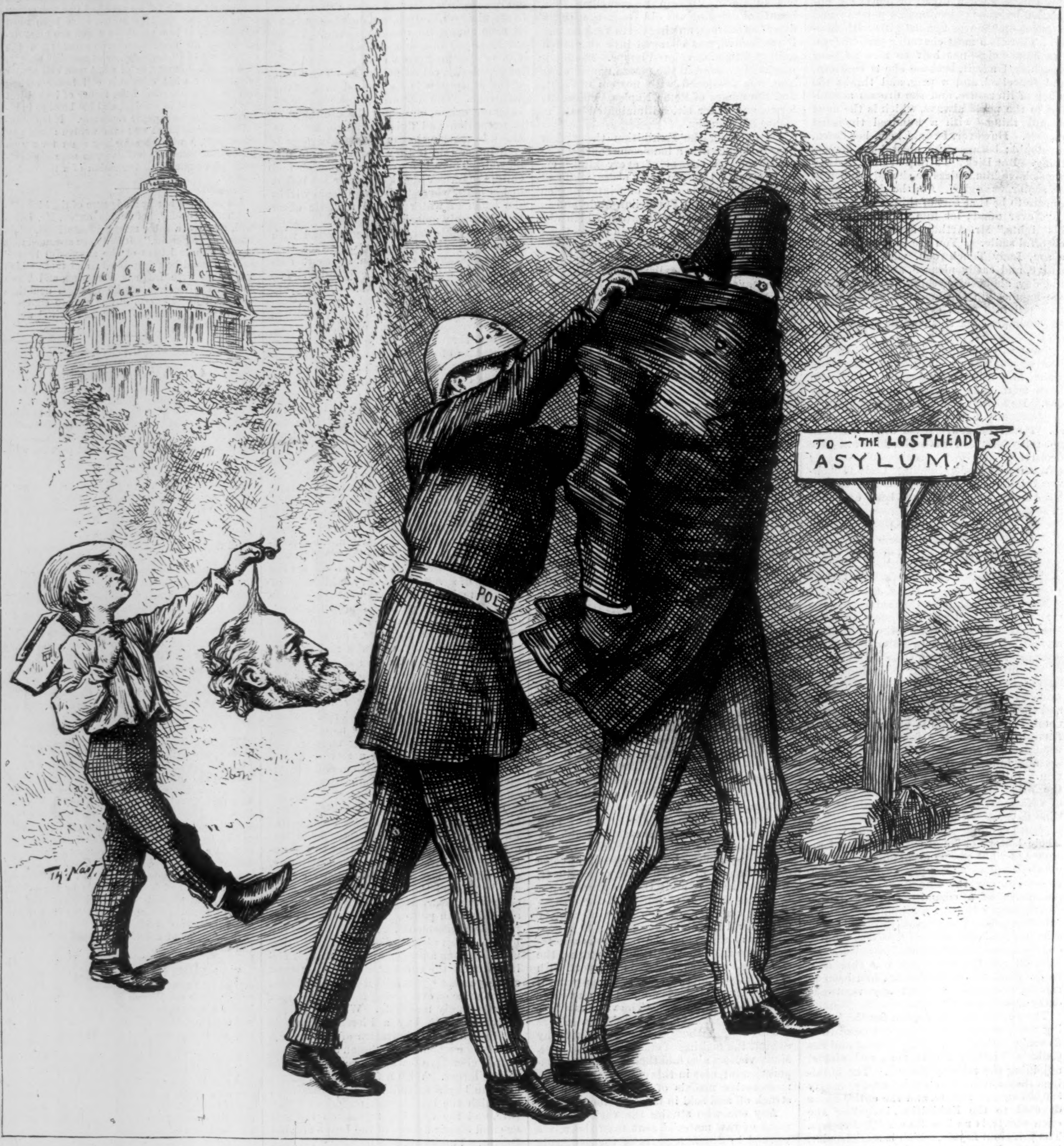
The bulletins issued by the President's physicians served to instruct the people in the nature of gunshot wounds and the process of recovery from them. The minutest information as to what took place, what was feared, and what was favorable, was read by almost everybody, and the public learned an instructive chapter very thoroughly in short lessons. The search for facts upon which to base hopes of the President's recovery brought to light a curious record of wounds of a similar nature, some of which were suffered by men of considerable prominence, the circumstances of whose injury had been forgotten by the public. In the great majority of cases, however, the heroes of remarkable recoveries were inconspicuous persons, and their cases, being brought to notice, may be of considerable value to the medical world.

The inference is that the beard has the property of counteracting the evil that lurks in mustaches, since the French Minister of Marine has issued a decree to the effect that naval officers and seamen may wear beards and mustaches, but may not wear mustaches without beards.

The chaplain of the church at Ascension Island, being sorely troubled by the determination of so many of his congregation to occupy front seats, put up a notice to the effect that this privilege would be granted according to age. His greatest difficulty now is to get any of the ladies to sit in the front part of the house.

At the door of a ready-made clothing store in one of the poorer quarters of Paris is the sign: "Don't go somewhere else to be robbed; walk in here."

On the day before the shooting of President Garfield, a strange negro appeared among the colored folks of Richmond, Virginia, and said, in warning tones, "De comet's tail am up!" The affrighted negroes took up the cry, and looking solemnly into each other's faces, groaned, "De comet's tail am up!" Just before sunset the sky was illumined by a strange light, which changed and flashed like the aurora borealis, and the cry of the darkies was, "The comet has done bust!" Leaders among the colored people predicted that within a few hours a blazing mantle from the shattered tail of the comet would inwrap the earth, and that all living things would be roasted under its fiery folds; and the impenitent were warned to seek religion at once. The Rev. John Jasper, who stood out against the world in holding that the sun "do move," had been taken ill; then the President was shot; and shortly afterward a popular man among the colored people, Park Moody, came to a violent death. Evils without termination seemed to have begun, and the comet was regarded as the bringer of all that had come and all that were to come. The rush to get religion and be prepared for the worst was for several days so great that the business of the large tobacco factories was seriously obstructed by the absence, either of body or of mind, of the colored workmen.



HOW TO GET A REST THIS SUMMER.

THE HEART OF THE NATION.

COLONEL ROCKWELL. "The heart of the nation is in this room."
THE PRESIDENT. "The heart of the nation will not let the old soldier die." —*New York Herald, July* 14.

THE heart of the nation is strong; from sea unto sea
It throbs with a passionate tide, invincible, free;
It never wearies nor faints, no enemy maketh it fly:
The heart of the nation is strong,
Old soldier,
And it will not let thee die.

The heart of the nation is true; its bands are as steel;
Steady and loyal its love, quick to *do* and to *feel;*
It gave thee a pledge for joy or grief; it will not lie:
The heart of the nation is true,
Brave soldier,
And it will not let thee die.

The heart of the nation is kind, tender, and true, and strong;
It throbs to thy weary pain, it burns with thy bitter wrong;
It will turn to no lesser love; so keep thy courage high:
The heart of the nation is kind,
Good soldier,
And it will not let thee die.

It will bear thee up in its strength, and lighten all thy cares;
It will comfort thee with its love, and share thy humble prayers;
So look with a hopeful confidence to Him who rules on high,
For the heart of the nation is thine,
Old soldier,
And it prays that thou may not die.

THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM.

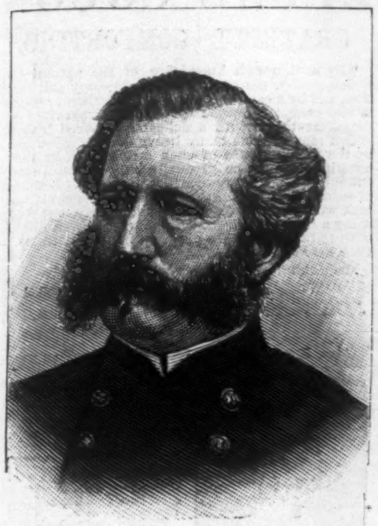
THE room in the White House in which President GARFIELD has lain since he was shot down is an object of interest to all Americans, and we take pleasure in presenting to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY a double-page picture of it, engraved from a careful sketch made on the spot by our special artist, Mr. WILLIAM A. ROGERS. Without intruding upon the privacy of the sick-room, Mr. ROGERS was permitted to sit just within the door, where the attendant is shown in our picture, from which position, unperceived by the patient, and without disturbing him, he sketched the details of the room and the persons about the President's bedside.

At the moment when the sketch was taken, Mrs. GARFIELD and Dr. BLISS were standing at the head of the bed, Dr. SUSAN A. EDSON and General SWAIM were sitting on opposite sides, near the foot, and there were one or two other persons in the room, ready to be of service at a moment's notice, should it be required. The apparatus for cooling the room artificially, without which the patient must have suffered greatly from the heat in addition to the other dangers to which he was subjected, was working admirably, and the temperature was even and comfortable.

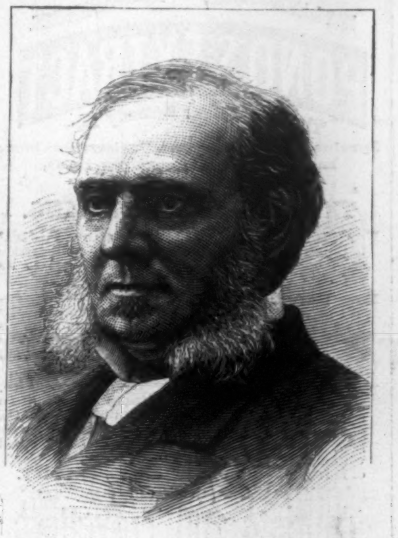
Our readers can rely implicitly on the absolute accuracy of the drawing, and the picture will be an interesting souvenir of the time when "the heart of the nation" was in the room where the President was lying.

JOHN A. APPLETON.

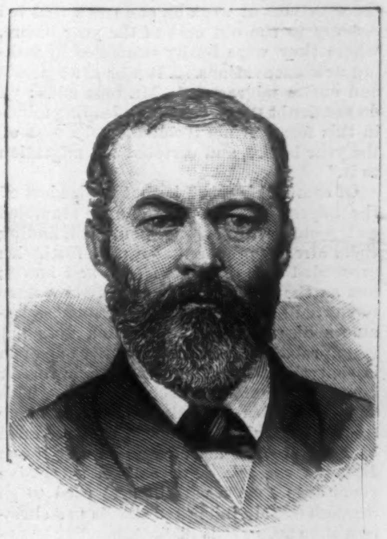
THE portrait, given on the next page, of the late JOHN A. APPLETON, who died at his residence on Staten Island on the 13th inst., in the sixty-fifth year of his age, is that of a gentleman who occupied a deservedly high position among the leading publishers of the time. There is scarcely a hamlet in the United States where the name of the firm of D. APPLETON & CO. has not found its honorable way, and its healthful influence uniformly exerted. In conjunction with his brothers, WILLIAM H. and DANIEL S. APPLETON, he became a member of the firm twenty-three years ago, and from that time to the period of his decease took an active part in the multifarious and constantly increasing business of the establishment. Taking no prominent part in what are popularly called public or political affairs, he was a prompt participant in the religious and benevolent matters of his immediate neighborhood, and a bounteous donor to its charities. At his fine country-seat on Staten Island, where he resided throughout the year, he delighted in receiving his friends, and in dispensing a refined and liberal hospitality. He was a man of fine culture, and possessed an extended knowledge of literature. His way of life was as modest and unassuming as his character was manly, straightforward, and irreproachable. Mr. APPLETON was highly esteemed by all who knew him, both in social intercourse and in the transaction of business, and his death was deeply regretted.



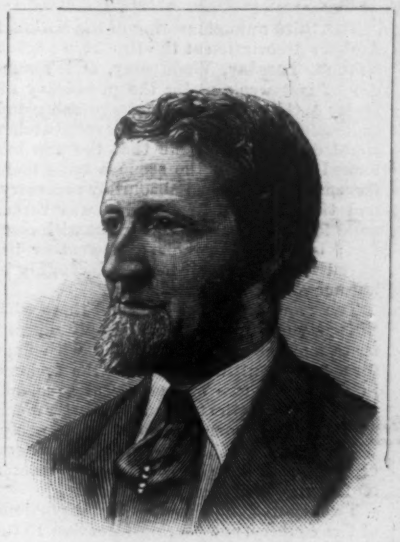
SURGEON-GENERAL J. K. BARNES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.



DR. D. W. BLISS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.



DR. J. J. WOODWARD.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.

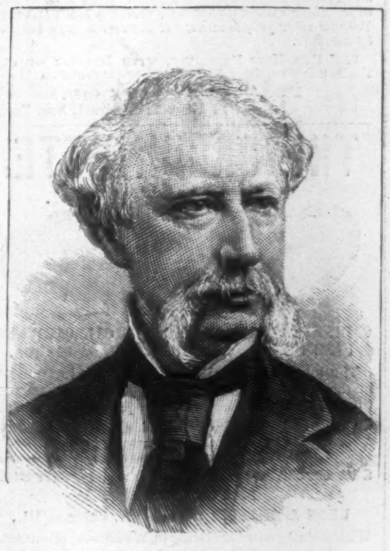


DR. ROBERT REYBURN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ULKE.

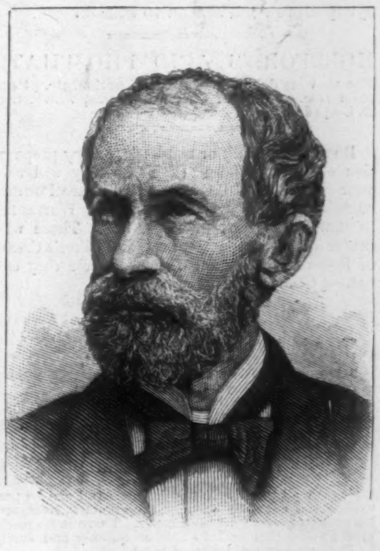
THE HON. WARNER MILLER.

THE Hon. WARNER MILLER, who was on Saturday last chosen to succeed ex-Senator THOMAS C. PLATT, was born in Oswego County, New York, August 12, 1838, and graduated at Union College in 1860. On leaving college he began teaching in the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, but when the war broke out he enlisted as a private in the Fifth New York Cavalry. He served in the Shenandoah Valley with distinction, and was promoted to be Sergeant-Major and Lieutenant. At the battle of Winchester he was taken prisoner, and remained in captivity till the close of the war. Mr. MILLER then made a trip to Europe, but soon returned, and established himself in the paper-manufacturing business in Herkimer County, and a few years ago he erected a mill at Lyonsdale, Lewis County, for the manufacture of pulp and paper.

Mr. MILLER made his first appearance in public life in 1873, when he was elected to the Assembly as a Republican from Herkimer County. He was re-elected in 1874. During his two years in the Assembly he was an influential member. In 1878 he was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress from the Twenty-second District, and in 1880 he was elected to the Forty-seventh Congress. In addition to his large manufacturing interests, Mr. MILLER owns a fine farm in Herkimer County, which he manages himself, and all efforts for the promotion of the interests of agriculture and agricultural laborers find in him a warm and generous supporter.



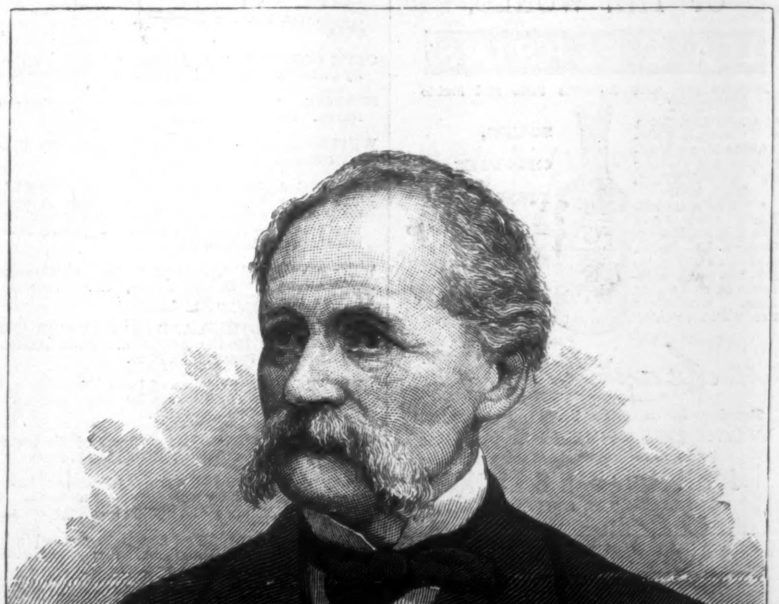
DR. D. H. AGNEW.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST.



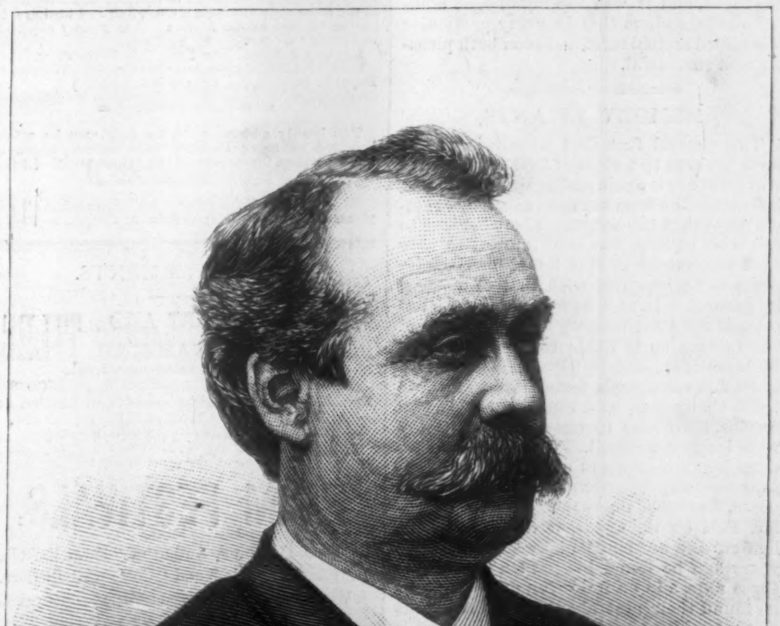
DR. FRANK HAMILTON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.

IN CHARGE OF THE PRESIDENT.

OUR readers will be interested in the portraits of the medical gentlemen who have had charge of the President's case from the hour when he was shot to the present time. Drs. BLISS, WOODWARD, BARNES, and REYBURN have been in constant attendance at the White House, with Drs. AGNEW and HAMILTON as consulting physicians. That they have managed the case with great skill is admitted by the highest medical and surgical authorities in the country; and their watchful fidelity and unremitting care have earned them the gratitude of the whole nation. Mention should also be made of the services of Dr. SUSAN EDSON, whose portrait appears in our double-page picture. She has been from the first a most sympathetic and efficient nurse, supplementing the medical and surgical treatment in a manner of which only a woman is capable. The country has every reason to be satisfied with the way in which the President has been treated by his medical attendants and advisers.



THE LATE JOHN A. APPLETON.—[SEE PAGE 508.]



THE HON. WARNER MILLER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

THE ARCHERY TOURNAMENT.

The third annual meeting of the National Archery Association at the Brooklyn Parade Ground, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week, under the presidency of Major A. G. Constable, was as pleasing and successful a meet as the most devoted archer could desire. It is true that the sun has looked down upon the scene a trifle more fervently than seemed absolutely necessary, and the storm of Wednesday was rather more furious than was consistent with comfort; but, on the whole, the weather behaved very much as if it was thoroughly in harmony with the sport.

The grounds, dotted here and there with the party-colored targets, the gayly adorned tents, and the inclosure fringed with flags formed a beautiful setting for the archers, in costumes more or less picturesque, and the spectators, who treated the matter much as if it were some gigantic lawn party, where each brought his own refreshments, or purchased them of the obliging caterer on the grounds.

Twenty-five clubs from different portions of the country, one coming from San Francisco, participated in the sport of competing for the 120 prizes offered. The members of each broiled in the sun as they marched back and forth to the sound of the bugle and drum, quite as merry as are supposed to have been the archers of old, who depended more often upon the accuracy of their aim for a dinner than upon their chances of finding a restaurant somewhere in the greenwood. If the shade of Robin Hood finds it possible to roam anywhere in the vicinity of Prospect Park, he might have felt extremely well pleased at the number of devotees who bent the yew, or any other kind of a bow, although in a few cases the skill displayed may not have been all he could have asked for.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the real event of the meeting occurred, which was the contest for the National medals, the ladies in the National round shooting forty-eight arrows at sixty yards, and twenty-four at fifty yards, the gentlemen in the York round shooting seventy-two arrows at one hundred yards, forty-eight at eighty, and twenty-four at sixty. On Thursday was given the grand team shoot, the American round, the ladies' and gentlemen's handicap, and the press match.

Mrs. Gibbes, of the Newark Club, carried away one of the National medals, and Mr. Frank Walworth, of Saratoga, won the other with a score of 763, showing some superb shooting during the entire meeting. About one hundred archers contested each day. The tournament was brought to a close by the distribution of the prizes, Thursday night, and it was the unanimous opinion of the archers that in every particular their third annual meet had been both pleasing and successful.

MEMORY IN ANTS.

The general fact that whenever an ant finds her way to a store of food or larvæ she will return to it again and again, in a more or less direct line from her nest, constitutes ample proof that the ant remembers her way to the store of food. It is of interest to note that the nature of this insect-memory appears to be identical with that of memory in general. Thus, a new fact becomes impressed upon ant-memory by repetition, and the impression is liable to become effaced by lapse of time.

Sir John Lubbock found it necessary to teach the insects, by a repetition of several lessons, their way to treasure, if that way were long or unusual. With regard to the duration of memory in ants, it does not appear that any direct experiments have been made, but the following observation by Mr. Belt on its apparent duration in the leaf-cutting ant may be here stated. Some years ago he found his garden invaded by these ants, and on following up their paths he found their nest about a hundred yards distant. He poured down their burrows a pint of diluted carbolic acid. The marauding parties were at once drawn off from the garden to meet the danger at home, while in the burrows themselves the greatest confusion prevailed. Next day he found the ants busily engaged in bringing up the ant food from the old burrows, and carrying it to newly formed ones a few yards distant.

These, however, turned out to be intended only as temporary repositories, for in a few days both old and new burrows were entirely deserted, so that he supposed all the ants to have died. Subsequently, however, he found that they had migrated to a new site, about two hundred yards from the old one, and there established themselves in a new nest. Twelve months later the ants again invaded his garden, and again he treated them to a strong dose of carbolic acid. The ants, as on the previous occasion, were at once withdrawn from his garden, and two days afterward he found "all the survivors at work on one track that led directly to the old nest of the year before, where they were busily employed in making new excavations.... It was a wholesale and entire migration." Mr. Belt adds: "I do not doubt that some of the leading minds in this formicarium recollected the nest of the year before, and directed the migration to it."

Of course it is possible that the leaders of the migration may have simply stumbled on the old burrows by accident, and, finding them already prepared as a nest, forthwith proceeded to transfer the food and larvæ; but as the old and the new burrows were separated from one another by so considerable a distance, this supposition does not seem probable, and the only other one open is that the ants remembered their former home for a period of twelve months. This supposition is rendered the more probable from a somewhat analogous case recorded by Karl Vogt in his *Lectures on Useful and Harmless Animals*. For several successive years ants from a certain nest used to go through certain inhabited streets to a chemist's shop 2000 yards distant, in order to obtain access to a vessel filled with syrup. As it can not be supposed that this vessel was found in successive working seasons by as many successive accidents, it can only be concluded that the ants remembered the syrup store from season to season.

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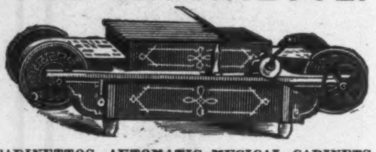

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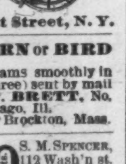

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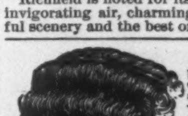
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